September 1919

The Red Cross Magazine

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The
Red Cross
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THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE, with the September issue, comes to you in the new flat size, and with a new policy in keeping with the highest publishing standards. Hereafter subscriptions and renewals will be solicited solely on the magazine's merits and the monthly printed evidence of adherence to its single purpose—to serve whole-heartedly the American people. The subscription price will be the same to all, whether members of the American Red Cross or not. No clubbing or premium offers will be made in connection with subscriptions and all subscriptions and renewals will be obtained direct by the magazine organization working through accredited subscription agents both within and without the American Red Cross and the Junior Red Cross organizations. Membership in the Audit Bureau of Circulations, which certifies as to the character and quantity of magazine subscription lists, has been applied for, and no subscription plan will be put into operation at any time without prior indorsement by the Audit Bureau. An absolute guarantee of circulation is made to all advertisers, and a pro rata rebate given if the circulation falls below the guarantee. To advertisers and all others concerned the circulation and other records will be open at all times for inspection. For THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE belongs to the American people—it is your magazine, my magazine, our magazine. In its publication the American Red Cross and the magazine organization are but joint trustees of the American people.

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Publisher and Editor: JOHN S. PHILLIPS
Managing Editor: GILMAN HALL

ERNEST C. RIEDEL, Art Editor
GUY T. VISKNISKKI, Business Manager

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The Red Cross Magazine

MY COUNTRY

By Angelo Patri

I CAME to America many, many years ago. I came from a little village across the great ocean. I still remember the streets and the low houses, and the fountains in the village square—the hill outside the village, and the brook and the mill—the women washing clothes on the flat rocks, worn flat by much washing—the children now in, now out of the water—laughing and splashing. I see faintly, very faintly the monastery at the end of the road and marching out the long-cloaked hooded friar with sandals on his bare feet.

I remember the steamer and the ocean—water, wind, and waves for days and days and days—the new country—how strange and cold and far away it seemed!

I remember playing about the streets for a while, with nothing to do, and then I found my way to school, an American school. That was where my life in the new country began. I sat and listened and tried to learn—my teachers said I should. I heard the teachers talk of America, of Columbus, of the Declaration of Independence, of Patrick Henry, of Marquette, but mostly I heard of Washington and Lincoln.

I thought of Washington, not as he was at Mount Vernon, but as he was at Valley Forge, in his hut with the ragged soldiers of the war.

I thought of Lincoln as a boy in his log cabin, studying by the light of the fire.

I said to myself, these are Americans, and in my imaginings I felt that all Americans were like them.

I said to myself, I must hurry and be a man. I too want to belong; I want to feel the strength and the great love of the children of Washington and Lincoln.

And it happened to me as it did to thousands of foreign-born children—that after many years, I graduated from an American school and then from an American college, and I became a teacher; an American teacher in an American Public School. I belonged—I felt the strength of children about me—thousands of children—I was proud to be among them. I have been a teacher a score of years; I have met people from far and wide—from Asia and Africa, from South America and Europe, from Canada and from Mexico. They come searching the spirit that has made America grow. They smile and say, "There is something here in the life of your children that makes one think of Washington, of Lincoln." And my heart throbs! "My Country, 'Tis of Thee, of Thee, I sing."

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Painting by J. E. Allen

And so they came to the Moonlight School. They came singly or hurrying in groups; they came swinging their lanterns; they came walking for miles; they came bent with age and leaning on canes.

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ARE YOU TOO OLD TO LEARN?

By Hortense Flexner

The Moonlight Schools of Kentucky furnish stories of achievement in learning which may give you new ideas of your own possibilities.

GLORY to God, I don't never have to make my mark no more!" The mountaineer who spoke, a gaunt, middle-aged man, was sitting at a child's desk in a roughly built schoolhouse in Rowan County, Kentucky, staring at the first copy of his name that he had ever written. He spoke to himself in a tone of relief and pride. The teacher who was passing was too well acquainted with mountain character to act as if she had heard. After a moment the mountaineer bent to his copy again, and continued to write his name over and over.

The "making of the mark" has been a thorn in the flesh of the illiterate mountain people. These slow-moving, silent men, living "away in the hills" are a proud, lonely race, asking favors of nobody, relying on their own strength to live. To be helpless in any respect is more than bitter to them, but to seek help is out of their nature. Perhaps there is one reason why they are as they are. In any event, they have been humiliated too often by having to "make their mark" in public. At the polls, in the bank, where any business is transacted, the man who cannot write has been forced to ask help, to make his cross with unaccustomed fingers, beneath the letters that he could not read. The sting of this has gone deep into his consciousness, and has made him hate his ignorance. The powerful mountaineer who bent over his desk, and thanked his God that he had at last written his name, was grateful for more than mere "larnin'." In the uneven letters that he had formed, he saw, as thousands of illiterate men and women have seen since then, the escape from an old stigma, a fuller measure of self-respect.

The moonlight schools have recognized for the first time the passion of the illiterate mountain people to learn. These schools, which are in fact night schools open to all persons above eighteen years of age, have in their brief existence upset a number of educational theories, but they have also taught one hundred thousand men and women, ranging in years from eighteen to eighty-seven, to read and write, as well as to do other important things to improve and give zest to their way of living.

The name "Moonlight Schools" has been a powerful factor in their development, for the combined words have made a picture, and thrown something of mystery and poetry about the one-story log building to which the elderly pupils come in order "to learn to read their Bible before they die." Yet the moon has been from the beginning a practical necessity to the success of the undertaking, because the moonlight has been the only means of making the mountain roads passable in the darkness. A mountain road is at best a road by courtesy. It is deep with ruts, narrow and rocky, it winds through woods and lets the "crick" run over it; it stops suddenly and begins on a different level and always it is either going sharply up or sharply down. But it is better than the "crick" beds, which in some places are the only roads that have cut their way back into the big hills, and so must be followed to the schoolhouse.

A night school approached by a dry creek bed or mountain road had to wait for the moon. It had to wait, furthermore, for the midsummer moon when the air was warm, and when the busy mountain people could spare time, just before harvest, to attend its sessions. The term lasts only twenty-four evenings, and it begins as a rule when the August moon is full. In parts of the State where the crops are harvested later, the classes begin later.

There was one more reason, during the first years, why the schools depended on the moon and did not open at all on rainy nights. This was because it was not the custom of the mountain folk to go out after sun-down. In a number of counties there have been feuds, not too long ago, and the stories of what happened on those dark trails are still to be heard. The mountaineer preferred daytime for his venturing. Now, however, this prejudice has disappeared, and only the opening week is regulated by moonlight. The students come "feeling their way" over the hills on the dark as well as on the white nights, crowding every possible moment into the class-room.

The moonlight schools began, it is true, in Rowan County in 1911, but for a year before that they had been running regularly in the quick and very constructive mind of a slight, black-eyed, black-haired woman who happened to be, at the time, superintendent of education in that county. Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart is the person who made the moonlight schools. The need of something interesting and new in the lives of these shut-in people was brought to her during the winter of 1910 by three distinct incidents.

"I used to write a number of letters for the people in the country and often they would bring their letters, with the seals unbroken, for me to read. These were usually from absent children to their parents, containing simple messages of their life and work in the city. While I read, the man or woman would watch every movement of my lips, and when I had finished he or she would draw a long breath, take the letter, look at it almost hungrily, and go. Sometimes I would write a reply, every word carefully and slowly uttered, while the eyes were always on my mov-

THINK OF a school in which the oldest pupil is 87. Imagine learning your alphabet from the letters on a freight car so you may read your Bible. Did you know there are postmasters, school committeemen and ministers in the United States who can't read or write?

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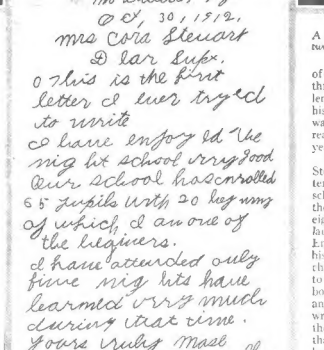
Steady-eyed men and women came to school to make up a deficiency


Morehead, Ky.
Oct, 30, 1912.
Mrs Cora Stewart
Dear Sir.
o this is the first letter I ever tryed to write
I have enjoyed the nig ht school very good
Our school has enrolled 65 pupils with 20 beginners of which I am one of the beginners.
I have attended only five nig hts have learned very much during that time.
Yours truly Mase
Allas

A letter written by a man thirty-two years old—after five nights work

ing pen. There used to come to my office an old, tired woman, whose youngest daughter had gone to Chicago. I had often read the letters from this young girl to her mother, who thought nothing of walking seven miles over the hill to have a letter interpreted and answered. Sometimes she would take it to a neighbor, but as a rule she came to me. Once, after she had been away for six weeks, longer by far than was usual with her, she came in fondling a letter and I noticed that the seal was broken. I anticipated her mission and said, 'A letter from your daughter—shall I read and answer it for you?' She straightened up with dignity, and replied, 'I kin read it fer myself. I've larned to read and write.' I questioned her and she said, 'Sometimes I couldn't git here to see you, and the neighbors would be away from home, or the cricks would be up and I couldn't get a letter read and answered for three or four days; anyway it jest seemed like there was a wall 'twixt Jane and me all the time, and I wanted to read with my own eyes what she had writ with her own hand. So I went up to the store and bought a speller; and I sot up at night until midnight and sometimes till daylight—and I larned to read and write.'"

Mrs. Stewart verified the statement, and heard the letter haltingly but truly read. The second incident occurred shortly after.

"There came into my office one morning a middle-aged man, stalwart and intelligent in appearance, a man who might have been a doctor or a lawyer. While he was waiting for me, I gave him two books to glance through. He turned the leaves hurriedly, like a little child, turned the books over and over, looked at their backs, and laid them down with a sigh. Knowing the scarcity of interesting reading matter through the county, I offered to lend them to him. He shook his head in the slow, mountain way and said, 'No, I cannot read or write—I'd give twenty years of my life if I could.'"

Not long afterwards, Mrs. Stewart was attending an entertainment in a rural district school. One of the boys on the programme, a lad of about eighteen, sang a beautiful ballad, partly borrowed from his English ancestors but chiefly his own. Mrs. Stewart was charmed with it, and asked him to write it down for her. The boy's face clouded and he answered, "I would, if I could write, but I can't. Why, I've thought of a hundred better 'n that, but I fergit 'em 'fore anybody comes along to set 'em down."

These three incidents, implying so much more than the need of three individuals, led to the establishment of the moonlight schools. Mrs. Stewart did not at the time see them as they are today, flourishing in New Mexico, California, North Carolina, Oklahoma, wherever in fact there is illiteracy, among her own race or among immigrant races.

"The work opened out before me step by step," she said. "If I had known or foreseen the road ahead, a typical mountain road, I doubt if I should have had the courage to try. As it was, with the

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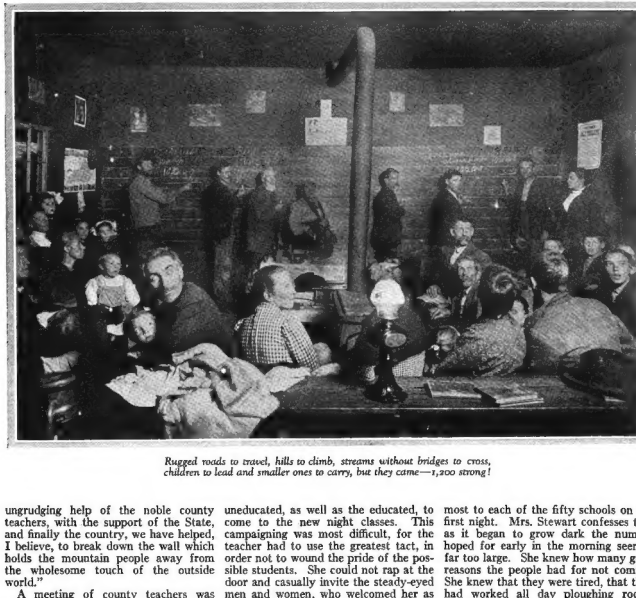

Rugged roads to travel, hills to climb, streams without bridges to cross, children to lead and smaller ones to carry, but they came—1,200 strong!

ungrudging help of the noble county teachers, with the support of the State, and finally the country, we have helped, I believe, to break down the wall which holds the mountain people away from the wholesome touch of the outside world."

A meeting of county teachers was called and before it Mrs. Stewart put her plan. With one voice the teachers volunteered to conduct moonlight schools without pay, and they have done so up to the present time, and will continue to do so. It was at this meeting that one of the teachers told a story of an old man living in Leslie County (one of the poorest in the State) typifying the utter monotony of the lives of the aged in these isolated districts.

"I was riding along," said a teacher, "and I saw an old man, who must have been eighty, out in the field cutting down his corn, although it was green. I stopped my horse and asked him if he were not cutting the corn too early. He looked up at me with the peculiar, vacant expression of people who bring their thoughts slowly back. 'Yes,' he said, 'I reckon it is too early, but the old woman's gone fer the day, and I thought I'd come down and cut corn fer a spell.'"

It had been so lonely that the mountaineer had to do something, even if he succeeded in ruining the one crop he had planted.

Having won the co-operation of the teachers, Mrs. Stewart organized a canvass of the county, each teacher visiting the homes in her district and urging the uneducated, as well as the educated, to come to the new night classes. This campaigning was most difficult, for the teacher had to use the greatest tact, in order not to wound the pride of the possible students. She could not rap at the door and casually invite the steady-eyed men and women, who welcomed her as a visitor, to come to the school in order to make up a deficiency of which they were ashamed. The matter had to be delicately handled. Frequently the teacher sat her visit out, and only mentioned the new educational opportunity in going away, as a bit of news applying in no way to her hosts, but interesting to them as something that was being done for others. Then the illiterate mountain people, who, however, proud though they may be are never falsely proud, would admit that they themselves could not read, adding that they would also like to come to the school.

In other cases, however, the suggestion of the teacher that the mother or father of the family come with the children, would be met by the hopeless and regretful reply, "I can't come, I'm too old to larn." Then the teacher would sit down again and try to persuade her listener that this idea was untrue, emphasizing the fact that the moonlight schools were being opened chiefly for those very people who were "too old to larn."

On September 4, 1911, Labor Day, the teachers made a final canvass of their districts. At a preliminary meeting, it had been estimated that perhaps 150 people would come, three at the most to each of the fifty schools on the first night. Mrs. Stewart confesses that as it began to grow dark the number hoped for early in the morning seemed far too large. She knew how many good reasons the people had for not coming. She knew that they were tired, that they had worked all day ploughing rocky, hill-side fields, logging or mining. She knew that they had rugged roads to travel, high hills to climb, streams without bridges to cross, children to lead by the hand and smaller ones to carry.

"But they were not seeking excuses," continued Mrs. Stewart, "they were seeking knowledge. And so, they came! They came singly or hurrying in groups, they came swinging their lanterns, walking for miles, or riding on mule-back; they came bent with age and leaning on canes; they came 1200 strong."

Of the students who attended the first session of the moonlight schools, the oldest man who learned to read and write was Uncle Martin Sloan, aged eighty-seven. After Uncle Martin had learned, he walked fourteen miles one day to the county seat and called on Mrs. Stewart. "I'm glad I larned," said Uncle Martin. "But I don't know whether I can do much readin', 'cause my eyes are mighty bad. But I'll tell you what I am goin' to do. I'm goin' to walk the district every year before school begins, and tell everybody to come and to send their children and grand-children."

As Uncle Martin had nearly twenty of the latter, his influence in the district was powerfully felt. To the classroom

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during the first months there came also one man of middle age who walked seven miles from home and seven miles back, not missing a single evening. Another student was Aunt Patience Lunsford, more than sixty years of age, later the winner of a prize for the rapidity with which she learned to read and write. Aunt Patience had twelve children living in twelve different States, and she said that after she had "larned, it kept me mighty busy writin' to 'em."

But the problem of the moonlight schools was a larger one than the teaching of reading and writing, although even for this there were no funds nor books. Mrs. Stewart solved the textbook difficulty by using the district newspaper, re-written in simple form, as a basis for reading, spelling, arithmetic and economic drills. This use of the local news was most welcome to the mountain students, who are always keenly interested in what is happening around them. In certain of the more isolated counties, the local news is the only news, and the world is hardly larger than the horizon. Teachers in these districts, asking their pupils to name the President of the United States have been given in reply the name of some prominent man in the community. Similarly these far away people have thought that the Governor of the State is some especially prosperous neighbor.

It was natural, therefore, that the newspaper should be interesting to all pupils, and they were never tired of working problems based on local events. If John Hobbs had traded his red heifer for tobacco, if Thomas York had sold part of his field to a newcomer, the entire class would work out the gain and loss of those concerned. Mrs. Stewart adds that occasionally men would make a trade in order to bring a new problem to the school-room, and would even sell for the same reason an object it might have been better to keep.

But the news-bulletin text-books were difficult for the teachers, and it was clear that a special series of books would have to be prepared. The earnest men and women who came to these schools would not be interested in the ordinary primer or reader, dealing with objects unfamiliar to them. They were ashamed, furthermore, to use the books that the tiny children used. So Mrs. Stewart began work on the first Country Life Reader. Later, when her students were ready for them, the second and third books of the series were completed.

These text-books contain more than reading or spelling lessons. From first to last Mrs. Stewart has been guided by the interests and needs of her pupils, by their environment, by their mental horizon. In a certain respect the text-books are a kindly but searching criticism of mountain life. Taking a well-known object such as a wagon, the lesson will point out that the wagon is in bad condition. It is in bad condition, because it has been used on bad roads, has not been kept under shelter or cleaned. There are, naturally, many wagons in the mountains in bad condition for these very reasons. The student is learning not only to read and write certain words, but he is learning why it is that his own wagon is in constant need of repair. Similarly, there are lessons on cattle-feeding, on bridges and roads, on the rotation of crops, on keeping one's money in bank, on ventilation, sanitation, on voting and on cooking. The right and wrong ways (and the mountain people have so often lapsed into the wrong ways) of doing the things of every-day are pointed out, and the mountaineer is told how to help himself.

In the first book the lessons are very simple, but the treatment is such as will catch and hold the attention of grown-up pupils. There is, for instance, instead of the usual primer interrogation about the cat and the rat, a lesson which follows: "I can read. I can read a book. I can read a Bible." That is something to stir the elderly students looking for the first time at printed letters. The lessons on roads is also significant. "See this bad road. It will waste my time. It will hurt my team. It will hurt my wagon. The bad road is my foe. I will work for a good road.

The second book gives more detailed information on the subjects introduced in the first. The third volume of the series is a collection of passages from great authors, describing the beauty of the country, so often unnoticed by those who have always known it. The illustrations are excellent, and the effort is made to stimulate the student to continue his reading alone.

While the books were being prepared, however, the moonlight schools were growing constantly. During the first term, 300 pupils learned to read and write, and many records of remarkable development were made. The schoolhouse became a social center. Friction and factional feeling melted away. In one or two class-rooms, where the descendants of "feud families" met, there was at first a certain restraint, which was gradually lost in the progress of common interests.

The second year 1600 pupils were enrolled, and 350 more men and women were taught to read and

(*Continued on page 62*)

Uncle Sam's Sayings

TO ALL OF US

AMERICA was born in the schoolhouse. Out of the school came the spirit that keeps and makes America young—vigorous—true—unspoiled by wealth, by power.

Years ago a little band of people landed on the shores of America, three thousand miles from home. They came that they might found a new land in freedom. They had a new idea of the rights of man.

Then a group came from Holland. One came from France. By and by there was a long line of settlements along the Atlantic coast. They were all founded on this new idea, the right of people to govern themselves. Then more and more people came, until there were people from every land in the world, and America was a land that stretched from ocean to ocean and held a hundred million people.

And in every town as it started the people built a schoolhouse and all the children went to school. The children studied the rights of man, along with their reading, writing and arithmetic, saluted the flag and pledged allegiance to the United States of America and what it stood for—"Liberty and Justice for all."

"The school follows the flag," the people said, and they built great universities of steel and stone in the great cities. On the top of each university there was an American flag. They built frame schoolhouses in the remotest corners of the forest, and on the top of each schoolhouse there was an American flag.

And every man, woman and child in America was trained to the idea, "Liberty and Justice for all."

When the great war came America went in—every man, woman and child went in. We couldn't do anything else. We were Americans. We were trained in American schools. When we saw the old idea that "might makes right," threatening the world we rose and stood as one—"Liberty and Justice for all."

The war over, the people turned back for the job of peace—the soldiers—the nurses came home. The men and women came out of the factories. The thing that they had left home and friends for, the thing that they had worked and prayed for, the thing they had learned as children in the log schools and in the great universities was still true—"Liberty and Justice for all."

A. P

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"Some of the eleven billion breaths of fresh air that gurgle to the depths of young American lungs annually"

HOW ONE CHILD BROUGHT HEALTH AND HAPPINESS TO MILLIONS

By William Austin O'Brien

Illustrated by Maginel Wright Enright

THIS IS the story of a child who was experimented on by his parents. What they tried to do was to solve his problems of health and happiness. They did it, and incidentally carried health and happiness to millions of other little Americans—not to forget children in places as wide apart as China, Corea, France and Cuba.

ONCE upon a time there was, there still is, an American mother; and there was mother's little darling, Millie, who also still is; and Millie's teacher, who had learned the good idea that her little pupils should daily have the news hammered into them that cleanliness, internal as well as external, is virtually one with godliness.

Wherefore one day last December Millie's mother wrote the following note to "Teacher":

DEAR MISS BLANK:—Please I must ask you not to learn Millie to drink glasses of water before meals and all the time like you do. If she drinks glasses of water like you tell her so much she will get floating kidneys.

"Amusing, but too utterly absurd to be true," laugh the fond young parents who, "since baby came," have given their reading moments solely to the works of Holt, Roger Dennett and Crozier Griffith, and therefore are at least some steps out of the sublime ignorance of infantile hygiene that darkened the land a generation ago. The note just quoted, however, was written quite in good faith by Millie's mother, and it differs from many other notes to "Teacher" at hand only in that it is amusing. Most of them are saddening.

Always, no doubt, we shall have the parents who know that "it's a waste of time to brush the first teeth they fall out anyway." In the land will be, until kingdom come, the stubborn parent who, having attained that sublimation of ignorance which is assertive, is sure that "we never did these health things when we were at school and we were much stronger than the children nowadays." The wonder of it all, which quite escapes such parents, is that the

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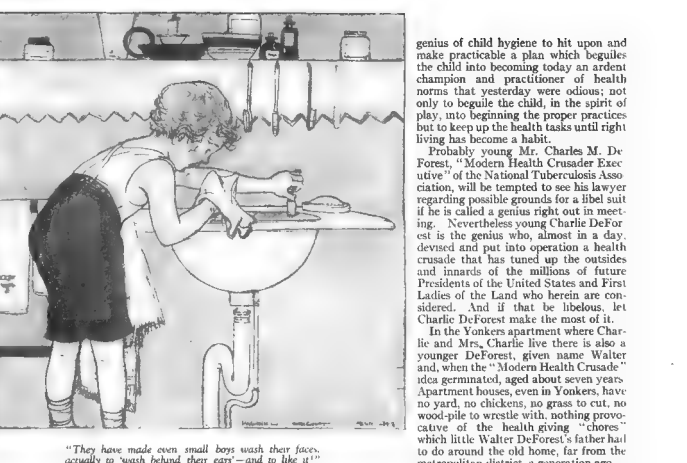

"They have made even small boys wash their faces, actually to 'wash behind them ears'—and to like it!"

nowadays children have as much vitality as they show, what with vicious living conditions in the immigrant sections of our cities and a lazy and atrocious ignorance of the proper housing and feeding of children among the jolly old Sons and Daughters of the American Revolutionary Frying Pan, whose babies cut their teeth on fried meats, doughnuts and apple pie.

The American haound dawg, and humans the world over, have one thing in common: they must, from the sanitary and hygienic viewpoint, be housebroken when pups And when someone has devised a scheme to take the human pup in hand and, within a few days, hours, teach it not only to be bodily decent but *to like it*, then that great benefactor of Young America gratefully and publicly should be thrust into print.

A little lad living at Yonkers, N Y, indirectly is responsible for the pleasant happenings and metamorphoses about to be told of here. His wise father, aided by the boy's mother, directly is responsible. Just as certainly as if these Yonkers parents personally had reached forth to perform the acts, just so surely have they raised forever millions of bedroom windows literally millions, as you shall see, they have distributed other millions of tooth-brushes Daily they are changing hundreds of thousands of childish "dispositions" from irritable grouchiness to gladness, and nightly those Yonkers parents, through their Great Idea, are tucking slightly more than 3,000,000 American children into bed at a proper hour and therefore compelling them to stay put in bed for ten hours a night They are causing at the very least 30,000,000 "deep breaths" to be inhaled each day or ten to each little soldier in their great army of health— and it is rather worth while for one to be able to say that one is the propelling force back of almost eleven billion breaths of fresh air that gurgle to the depths of young American lungs annually —what?

That Yonkers couple have taught their splendid army of little ones to straighten 3,000,000 backs and pairs of shoulders when sitting at school tasks or when erect at play, to wash 6,000,000 grimy hands before each meal three times a day, to keep unclean objects out of their mouths and nostrils, to drink a sufficient quantity of water and absolutely to shun tea and coffee, as bad for children, to brush their teeth morning and night, to take at least one "full bath" a week, and to be helpful to others. They have made even small boys wash their faces, actually to "wash behind the ears" and to like it! As an Oklahoma teacher put it recently: "They have taught all my boys that they have wrists." All the boys in the school, remember, and in Oklahoma! They have dramatized the tooth brush. There are, unfortunately, no numerals by which can be shown the health and happiness they have diffused from Yonkers to the four corners of the United States, and beyond, nor is it possible by statistics to measure the great joy which, because of new health and happiness and obedience in the children, they have brought to countless thousands of mothers' hearts

There is not a mother, from Somaliland to Skaneateles, who is ignorant of the fact that her children should be healthy, and there are millions of mothers in the world who at least have crude notions, even ideas, about the things the child should do to preserve its health, but it takes a genius of child hygiene to hit upon and make practicable a plan which beguiles the child into becoming today an ardent champion and practitioner of health norms that yesterday were odious; not only to beguile the child, in the spirit of play, into beginning the proper practices but to keep up the health tasks until right living has become a habit.

Probably young Mr. Charles M. DeForest, "Modern Health Crusader Executive" of the National Tuberculosis Association, will be tempted to see his lawyer regarding possible grounds for a libel suit if he is called a genius right out in meeting. Nevertheless young Charlie DeForest is the genius who, almost in a day, devised and put into operation a health crusade that has tuned up the outsides and innards of the millions of future Presidents of the United States and First Ladies of the Land who herein are considered. And if that be libelous, let Charlie DeForest make the most of it.

In the Yonkers apartment where Charlie and Mrs. Charlie live there is also a younger DeForest, given name Walter and, when the "Modern Health Crusade" idea germinated, aged about seven years Apartment houses, even in Yonkers, have no yard, no chickens, no grass to cut, no wood-pile to wrestle with, nothing provocative of the health giving "chores" which little Walter DeForest's father had to do around the old home, far from the metropolitan district, a generation ago.

Certainly if little Walter had experienced a day of small boy chores on an American farm, he would have greeted the realization of a chore-less Yonkers with three rousing cheers. Walter's parents, however, grieved as they contemplated the cooped-in life of their little lad, who lacked even a puppy range to tumble about in outdoors. Then, during an evening of hard thinking, Walter's father hit upon the Great Idea and immediately began to develop it. In the beginning the Great Idea was solely for the benefit of little Walter, but almost while it was a-borning it bolted right out of Yonkers and galloped gloriously across the land, carrying light and sweetness on its way

"Health chores" is the phrase that best describes the DeForest idea, a compact programme which in its bald, comparatively uninteresting phases and details includes charts and rules and disciplinarian measures which Tommy and Bill might spurn as darn ole guff and their sisters as simplee turribul if Charlie DeForest, always on the lookout for trouble, had not beaten them to it. For, as the plan was quickly and skilfully worked out for little Walter and the world in general, it began (and here is where genius jumped forward to help) to take unto itself playfulness, romance — plumed knights and lovely ladies on a Field of the Cloth of Gold dotted with the lilies of fair France, glints of sunlight on shining armor, pounding hoofs and the clash of lances, fluttering flags and all the glories of the greatest of child gifts, imagination Elementally into his idea, too, Walter's father wove the spirit of competition which alone causes the young to long to be older and almost makes the grown-up young again. Even play may at times

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grow wearisome, but the spirit of competition lives just so long as life is worth while. Wherefore Charlie DeForest's efforts toward, and success in, achieving the competitive part of his idea and competition's concomitant, reward.

The listed health chores, first pinned a bit more than two years ago on the door of little Walter's bedroom as a visible reminder of the right things to do each day, and now to be seen on the walls of children's bedrooms and classrooms all over this country and in many foreign lands, are the obvious things a child should but will not do unless the doing thereof is made attractive:

STATEMENT OF CHORES

1. I washed my hands before each meal to-day.

2. I washed not only my face but my ears and neck, and I cleaned my fingernails to-day.

3. I tried to keep my fingers, pencils and everything that might be unclean out of my mouth and nose.

4. I drank a glass of water before each meal and before going to bed, and drank no tea nor coffee today.

5. I brushed my teeth thoroughly in the morning and in the evening to-day.

6. I took ten or more slow, deep breaths of fresh air to-day.

7. I played outdoors or with windows open more than thirty minutes to-day.

8. I was in bed ten hours or more last night and kept my windows open. (Children of thirteen years may make this "nine hours," those under nine years should sleep eleven hours at least.)

9. I tried to-day to sit up and stand up straight, to eat slowly, and to attend to toilet and each need of my body at its *regular* time

10 I tried to-day to keep neat and cheerful constantly, and to be helpful to others.

11. I took a full bath on each day of the week that is checked (X) [on the accompanying score card]

Chivalry day . . . . . .

When Charlie DeForest had concocted his list of chores naturally he began to be troubled by the thought that although Young America is quick to take up something new a youngster's fad soon fades. Then he remembered that while he was boss salesman of the Red Cross seals, or "stamps," during previous Christmas seasons, the enthusiasm of youthful sales agents, recruited from the ranks of the Junior Red Cross and school children in general, had been wonderfully fired by thought of rewards in the form of attractive and fascinating buttons and pins. So enamored with the buttons had the children been that hundreds had written to him, following the holiday seal sale of 1916, to ask, "What can we do to get more buttons without waiting until next Christmas?"

Innate in every child is the hot desire to masquerade as a grown-up hero of history. Charlie DeForest went to his book shelves and sat up half a night poring over articles in his encyclopedia headed

"The most difficult chore to remember is to drink a glass of water before each meal"

"Chivalry," "Knighthood," "The Crusades." From his study he brought forth his completed idea of the kind of awards that were to go to the health chore boys and girls (already he had begun to plan for all America as well as for his Walter) for work well done The awards and rewards should be of a kind, so Charlie decided, which not only would appeal to the spirit of romance, of play and childish imagination, but also be a system of cumulative prize-giving that would save the youngsters from cracking under the strain before the habit of health had been formed.

Hence a plan whereby each child desirous of enlisting as a Modern Health Crusader was first to receive a combination chore card-score card on which a 100 per cent. Crusader could list seventy-two health chores a week for a perfect score. Fifty-four chores a week, or 75 per cent. of the perfect score, had to be faithfully performed before the first step toward knighthood was in sight. Then, with this knowledge in hand, the valiant Crusader to-be encased himself in theoretical but imaginatively polished armor and climbed astride his equally imaginary charger and thundered toward the battle line, clad, in the case of a little lady "knight," in imaginary silks and laces and cantering on a supposed-to-be-white palfrey to the scene of the jousts.

If for two weeks the warrior fought faithfully to rout the billion of germs in the night air of his bedroom by letting in the breezes freely through open windows, drowned with glasses of pure water the dragons gnawing at his liver and lights, came from the Battle of the Tooth-brush wearing the "white smile" of victory, washed away the earthworks on his fighting hands and face (and no fair forgetting behind the ears!)—if for two weeks he fought and won at least 75 per cent. of the good fight, he found himself a Modern Health Crusader and the possessor of an impressive Certificate of Enrollment.

Not only that, the Crusader was now become a Page in Knighthood. To become a Page in Knighthood is, as every ancient knight well knew, a wondrous thing in itself, of course; but how much more glorious is the honor when one realizes that it is also a step in the progressive rise during the succeeding three weeks, or five weeks of work in all, to the high station of Squire, then to Knight and so on and on upward for fifteen weeks, when —believe it or not!—one reaches the ecstatically dizzy heights of Knight Banneret.

Sex does not count; one may be a female knight in the Modern Health Crusade and still remain every inch a perfect lady. To go to bed on the last night of the fifteenth week just plain Skinny Shaner or Aggie Jones and the next day to arise Sir Francis Xavier Shaner or Sir Lady Agonus Morton Jones! Gosh darn it, it's too unbelievably good to be true! But there, on one's heaving and very proud little bosom are the glinting emblems to prove it: the white enamel button, ornate with red and blue, that was the reward when one became a Squire at the end of the first, and therefore hardest, part of the battle; the shiny silvered pin, decorated with the double barred cross of the Crusaders in red enamel, which one received when achieving the glories of knighthood, and the inch high pin of gold and crimson enamel worn only by Knights Banneret. To tell

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here of the chart scorings, the short health talks by teachers, the checking up of the reports, the classroom competitions, or jousts, in which classrooms, sometimes whole schools, pitted themselves against an equal number of rivals in high scoring contests—to walk off the Field of the Cloth of Gold to tell of such details here would be anti-climatic.

Charlie, you see, was beguiling his own and all the other little Walters and their sisters onward, using as bait romance, competition and the trick of changing the insignia of honor with each step onward. And now one knows why, in less than two years after the first germ of the idea saw the light of prosaic Yonkers, the grand army of Modern Health Crusaders numbered more millions, and all volunteers, than that army which the United States Government, with the draft law to help it, could raise to send to France during the identical weeks and months that Charlie DeForest's health army was in the making.

We have known people—conscientious objectors—who fought against the idea of being forced into a fighting army. The little volunteers in the fight against filth and unhappiness battled all over forty-eight States for a place in the fighting ranks of the Crusaders. All of them, before they got far in their little big campaign against ill health had to wage war against the innate carelessness and lack of concentration of childhood, often against the ignorance of parents, and sometimes, because the little volunteers were so pitifully poor, they had to fight even to get the meagre equipment necessary to success at the battle front There are authentic cases on record in the files of the National Tuberculosis Association and the Junior Branch of the American Red Cross of tenement children fashioning manicuring "tools" from bits of wood, of overcoming the lack of a bathtub in the squalid home by taking the "full bath" in an old oil barrel, which the child had rolled a long distance and had partly filled with water. after many heart-breaking trips from the backyard pump with a brimming bucket; of children scrubbing their teeth with a bit of cloth and dampened salt and so coming proudly into the classroom wearing the "white smile," even though tooth brush and tooth powder never had been known in the child's home.

As for speed and endurance, the NC 4 navy plane had nothing on the Great Idea once the health crusade began to jump from the banks of the Hudson at Yonkers to far corners of the country, of the earth Little Walter's father had first taken Walter as an experiment, a specimen and the experiment immediately was successful. Instantly little Walter's playmates "caught" health crusading from him. It jumped in a day to nearby schools, public, parochial and private. Within weeks the Great Mother was gathering her teachers and her boys and girls of the Junior Red Cross about her and telling them of the wonders and the glories of the Great Idea —also getting up steam in her printing press boilers to send forth much "literature" about the crusade. And from that moment a paper snow-storm of chore card-score cards and pamphlets began to whiten the homes and classrooms, and lives, of millions of little Americans between the ages of six and sixteen in forty-eight States, not forgetting children in China, Corea, Canada, France and Cuba. Within a short time the idea (the Modern Health Crusaders do not consider themselves an organization but the embodiment of an educational idea) had spread so far from the neighborhood of Getty Square, Yonkers, that authentic reports began to come in from State tuberculosis associations. State Crusader directors and Junior Red Cross chapters showing that there were, for instance, more than 250,000 little modern Crusaders in Minnesota on the north, and over 310,000 in Texas on the south, with every other State in the Union also seething with volunteers. And it should be kept in mind that these figures do not refer merely to those who had "joined," but to an enrollment only of the millions who had followed the prescribed rules faithfully during the weeks of work necessary before a volunteer so much as had his name inscribed on the grandiose Certificate of Membership.

Those little Filipino twins who were exhibited in a Coney Island "freak show" last summer because, like Barnum's twins of Siam, they are joined inseparably at the waist with a "rope" of flesh, learned the health chores recently at a school at Washington, D. C., to which they had been removed from Coney Island exploitation by the Children's Society, and now the twins are on their way to the Philippines teeming with health chore-lore, and eager to spread the gospel of the Crusaders among their little *cafe-au-lait* skinned playmates in the Orient. From New Mexico John Tombs tells of a tiny Pueblo Indian boy Crusader who let light and fresh air eternal into his hovel by the simple means of removing the entire window, frame and all, and throwing it away. And in lieu of a bathtub another Indian lad on record, who also had "caught" health crusading from little Walter DeForest in a roundabout way, would break the ice along the shore of a river near his cabin twice a week and wade into the icy waters in order to receive credit marks for not one but two "full baths" a week.

An atom of opposition to the idea came at first from a few old foggy-brained fogies among school teachers, all of whom were solidly, quite solidly, descended from that early way down East settler in whose honor a certain little town was named. These believed that if their small pupils gave from fifteen to twenty minutes of school time a day to the clearing out of their brains, lights, livers and lungs, the pupils actually might finish the school day without learning what "bounds" Timbuktu on the north, if anything, or what happened to the other seven-eighths of Henry the Eighth. But even "Teacher" could not withstand the onrush of the Big Idea. Down went School Principal Ezree Littletown, then Miss Elithabet Littletown and all the Littletown ilk, weakly crying quits from somewhere beneath a tangle of the feet of clear-eyed, clean-brained little children of a wiser day and generation. And even though the few fogies who objected had held out in refusing to admit the idea into the classrooms in which they "taught," their opposition would not have mattered greatly, inasmuch as the Modern Health Crusade idea is largely a matter of home, not school work.

When it is on record that a child who through no fault of its own, loses some sleep and thereupon, in order to gain credit for the ten hour-in-bed chore, spends its only play day in the week in bed, then one realizes that the Big Idea has a grip capable of twisting the everlasting daylights out of any opposition that tries to block the way. Such a case was recently reported by a Mrs. Bow, of Tavares, Fla., through Miss Katherine Henricle, field secretary of the Florida Anti-Tuberculosis Association:

"One little six-year-old girl here remained in bed all day one Saturday because her mother had taken her to an entertainment on Friday night and had kept her up later

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"And please, ma'am, her I sweep up?"

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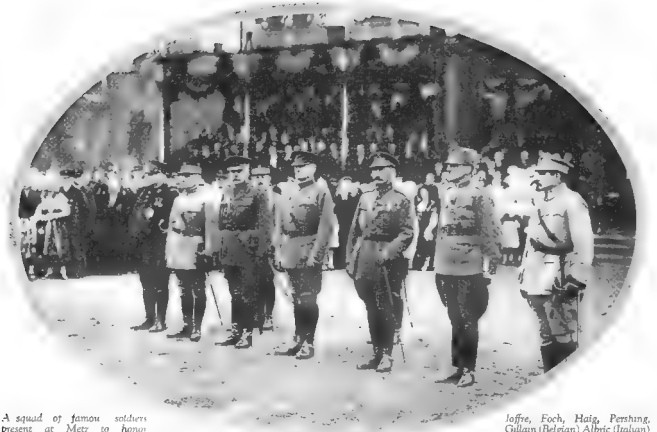

A squad of famous soldiers present at Metz to honor Pétain as a Marshal of France

Joffre, Foch, Haig, Pershing, Gillain (Belgian) Albrici (Italian) Haller (Polish) and Weyland

versity life—Can more be said of any American student life? The battalion was very much larger than it had ever been, of course, and on great days spread across the parade-ground in long, regularly aligned ranks which seemed endless to a very admiring little girl.

For I, too, had come into the university. It was by the back door, so to speak. I had joined the quaint body of those "university students" who wore short skirts or knickerbockers, with their hair down their backs. High schools were few and far between in those days and to enable everybody who wished to enter the university, a "prep-school" was maintained on the campus, which bridged over the gap between the eighth grade of the common schools and the freshman class of the university. And here was where I, too, although I could not carry a gun and drill, came under the influence of "the Lieut."

In one year's time he had not only galvanized the university battalion into brilliant existence, but he had so organized it that already it ran somewhat on its own energy. Into the men he had chosen as officers he had instilled devotion and obedience to himself, and he had called out of them compelling qualities of decision and authority which they themselves had not dreamed they possessed. His "officers," young as they were, rough as they were, in essence were genuinely leaders; the Lieut. had the highest respect for potential bigness in others, and gave them every scope for free development. Naturally, he was a little less intensively occupied. He complained to my father that he had not enough to do." After a moment's stupefaction (the Lieut. was then doing five times the work that any officer before him had ever done), my father burst into the great laugh which was one of the joys of my childhood, and suggested that the Lieut. should take the law course in the law school of the university. He added that if two men's work was not enough for him, he might do three men's, and teach some of the classes in the department of mathematics. Without changing his stride in the least, the young officer swept these two occupations along with him, bought some civilian clothes, a derby hat (more of this hat-later), and became both professor and student in the university where he was also military attaché.

During the next two years he ate up the law course with a fiery haste which raised the degree of classwork to fever heat. Those who were fellow-students with him, *and survived*, found the experience immensely stimulating. As for the classes of mathematics he taught—were there ever any classes like these? Every detail of them is as clear before my eyes as though I were still the little girl with a shock of bushy hair who, arriving every day with exemplary promptness (you might be late at other classes but never at the Lieut.'s!), dangled her feet from the seat too high for her, among the big-shouldered, rough-handed, intelligent young men who sprawled on the seats too low for them, stretching before them muscular legs of Lincolnian longness. They sprawled, that is, until the handle of the door, turning, announced the arrival of our instructor. After that, everybody sat up straight, with "eyes front." Many of the students were young farmers who had been doing men's work in order to earn the money which would let them come there to learn high-school-boys' geometry; and they fell on the knowledge offered them with an avidity singularly in contrast with the languid condescension of the high-school-boy's attitude towards learning. Incongruously harnessed between those eager, mature minds, and the implacable lucidity of the instructor, a shock-headed little girl was obliged to trot fast to keep up with the procession.

The Lieut. had certainly never wasted any time in studying the latest methods of imparting learning. He taught by the light of nature, which in his case burned with a singularly clear and steady flame. His method was simple. First of all he summoned you, by his whole compelling personality, to "stand at attention" mentally, in the exact and literal sense of the words. Then he showed you with incomparable clarity exactly where to step along each new section of the road of learning. Then (if your legs were normally sound) you walked forward *on you own feet* to the goal of that day. If you needed crutches—you soon had yourself transferred to another class and another instructor! The providing of crutches was not then, and never has been, the business of the Lieut., and if any man ever knew what his business was, and stuck to it, it was he.

Geometry is not usually supposed to be a very "vital" study, nor to leave a very deep mark on the life of the ordinary student undergoing it; but my study of geometry has been of curious moral utility to me (although I doubt if I could prove a single theorem now) during all the many years which have elapsed since I dangled my feet and

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came rigidly to attention, mentally, under the steely eye of a firm-lipped young officer in mufti.

For the Lieut. was not one to teach mathematics in the costume of a cavalry officer. For his civilian activities he wore business suits of pepper-and-salt which tried in vain to look civilian on that tautly erect figure, swinging forward with the cadenced rhythm of a man who marches, no matter how hard he may try only to walk.

This topic brings me—I confess I begin this paragraph with bated breath—to an incident which, although it must have been witnessed by more than a thousand people, has seldom if ever been mentioned by them. Of course, changing as the Lieut. did from civilian costume to uniform and back again, he was obliged not infrequently to make the transformation at top speed. On the occasion which, for the first time in more than twenty years, I am now about to draw out from my childhood memory, an important patriotic event of some sort was to be celebrated by an extra formal drill and review of the university battalion. The big parade ground was surrounded by an admiring throng, as usual five or six deep; the university "troops" had swung out, company by company in perfect order, and fallen into a long, expectant line. The student officers held themselves with poker-like erectness before their men, and the great moment had come (none the less impressive because it was very familiar to us all) when the Lieut. would emerge from the side, and, with that military carriage of his splendid body which nobody could imitate, would cross the entire breadth of the parade-ground alone, would turn on his heel and stand facing the battalion, his braid-adorned cap pulled low over his keen eyes, his arms folded across his broad chest. Then the adjutant's moment of glory would arrive. In a complete silence, as solitary in his instant of apotheosis as the Lieut. himself, he would advance rapidly across the parade-ground (trying with a fierce concentration of all his faculties to walk like the Lieut.), would come to a stand before the upright figure of the commanding officer, would salute and emit the formula: "Sir, the parade is formed." At this, the Statue of Military Perfection would come to thrilling life, would return the salute, and choosing the most trumpet-like and clear of all the many remarkable voices at his command, would let out a superb resounding shout which, like my father's laugh, is one of the vividly remembered sensations of my childhood, and would wake the echoes across the parade ground and stir us all to answering vibration by the call (the Lieut.'s especial war cry) "AT—*ten*—SHUN!"

The ranks before him would stiffen (and so would the knees and backbone of everybody who heard him), and the parade would have begun.

Well, on the day which I am now describing, all this came to pass according to rule. Company after company, in their dark blue tunics and well-pressed trousers, came on the parade-ground, under the command of their officers, wheeled into line, steadied, settled, and all eyes turned towards the spot from which the Lieut. would emerge.

He did emerge, impeccably moulded into his perfectly fitting uniform as always, and, erect, powerful, disciplined, each step precisely the same length as all the others, he swung across the parade-ground—and as we watched him we felt a sick apprehension of an awful cataclysm, for on his head was his brown derby hat!

Any other man in the world, before he had taken ten steps, would have been warned of what had happened by a ripple of laughter from the innumerable spectators. But the Lieut., being what he was, and nobody daring to laugh, got no intimation of his mistake, unless you might call a terrified fixity of gaze a warning.

With that absurd hat crowning his consummately military figure, he crossed the whole breadth of the parade-ground, turned on his heel, folded his arms and faced the world.

And nobody laughed. *Laugh!* I should think not. Nobody so much as turned his eyes to meet those of his neighbor. In a scared silence everybody stared at the commanding officer. What *would* he do when he returned the salute of the adjutant, and felt it?

We would soon know what he would do, for the adjutant, mechanically advancing by the force of habit, was moving towards him. He came to a stop, saluted, and said in a colorless voice, "Sir, the parade is formed." And we all scrooged in our skins as the Lieut.'s hand came up smartly to the salute.

It encountered the rim of a derby hat. And as promptly as it had gone up it came down. Literally without one instant's hesitation, without the fraction of an instant's delay, the Lieut. turned again on his heel, and, his firm face as impassive as an Indian's, stepped off back to his tent, left! right! left! right! without hurry, in his perfectly rhythmical gait, his derby hat on his head.

And nobody laughed. Nobody even thought of laughing.

Uncle Sam's Sayings

TO THE MOTHERS OF AMERICA

YOU and I are doing a big job. We are raising the nation's children—the little Americans who will be big ones very soon. They must take their places as men and women and carry on America when you and your husbands are too old and too tired to do it any longer.

What is a good child? What must he do? What does he look like—this child that is good?

He is healthy. His skin is clear, his eyes are bright. His teeth are strong and white. His back is straight, his lungs sound and his heart steady.

He is clean. He knows and enjoys the bathtub.

He is well trained. He is willing to listen in patience while an older person talks, yet he is able to think and act for himself. He is intelligent and thorough.

He is quick to respond to a direction, is well mannered and helpful. He loves play and work. He enjoys fresh air and sunshine.

Look your child over. If he does not measure up blame yourself. You make him what he is.

The time has come when this bringing up children must be done better. So far you have done well. Can we together, do better?

Many times you have wondered if there was a better or an easier way to train your child. Sometimes you did not know what to do when "Little America" was sick or unhappy and did not seem to grow.

I have seen millions of children grow up. I have seen a host that did not grow up. I want to help you so that they may all grow up.

Write to me and tell me about your child. I have experts working all over this broad country of ours. They are teachers, doctors, nurses, all ready to help you with the children. My headquarters are at Washington. My address is:

The Child's Bureau, Department of Labor.
The Commissioner of Education.
The States Relation Service, Department of Agriculture.

I want to do my share of the job and help you raise the children. I want to talk to you. I want you to talk to me. You and I believe: "Train up a child in the way he shall go and when he is old he will not depart from it." A. P.

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We all held our breath until he had crossed the parade-ground, disappeared and in an instant reappeared with his cap on his head.

He regained his position, saluted the adjutant again, and taking a long breath, rolled out in precisely the same magnificent voice as always, the same vibrating: "AT—*ten*—SHUN!"
and the parade was begun.

Even then nobody laughed. Nobody looked at anybody else significantly. We all understood that we were to consider the incident as not having happened, and as far as I am concerned, so it has remained until this moment. I confess to a slight quailing even now, at the idea of speaking of it, and only bring it out as perhaps the most brilliant and picturesque proof possible of how completely the Lieut. dominated the unformed, naturally disrespectful and highly irreverent human beings who are college undergraduates. Did you ever in your life meet a man who would not have been laughed at in those circumstances? You know you never have. Well, you see, *I* have!

THE culminating point of the Lieut.'s success came with the Omaha Competitive Drill. At that time a certain number of famous crack military organizations met every year or so, in different cities of the East and South, to compete for a silver cup. They had never condescended to go into the West until that year when, for some reason (perhaps in order to show the rawboned farmers what good drill really could be), they decided on Omaha. There were the celebrated Zouaves from Tennessee, a selection from a famous regiment in Boston, a crack corps from Baltimore, and many others; all names to conjure with. The Lieut., sure that his boys were as good as the best, proposed to enter a company of university cadets, picked from out the battalion. Everybody gasped at his temerity, but the boys would have followed him off the roof of a house if he had assured them they could do it, and the picked company (the envy of all the others) fell to drilling. I wonder if they have ever given to any other enterprise of their lives the assiduity they gave to that period of training! The Lieut., as an officer of the Regular Army, was (according to the rules of the competition) debarred from commanding the company himself, and was obliged to perform that last most difficult feat of the manipulator of men, to train somebody to take his place as leader.

How they drilled, those boys, and how proudly and anxiously we watched them! We were all connoisseurs in the good points of military drill by that time, and it seemed to us that they did very well; but we scrutinized in vain the Lieut.'s face for any mark of satisfaction. He was never one to fling around carelessly any easily-won marks of satisfaction, and we extracted no comfort from our examination of his countenance, skilled as we were in deciphering its various expressions. He only continued to drill them relentlessly; he trained the student captain at all hours: he surveyed their slightest motions with lynx eyes, pouncing on an elbow raised half-an-inch too much, calling attention with terrifying emphasis to a rusty screw in a rifle, and noting in his most rasping voice, which could be heard in the remotest classroom on the campus, that a tunic had a missing hook at the throat. And always he drilled them, over and over, till finally there was nothing left even for him to criticize.

So off they went to Omaha the afternoon before the Trial Drill. They were to maneuver once more on the Fair Ground, to make the acquaintance of the new terrain, to camp that night, and the next morning to go through their ordeal. The Lieut. of course accompanied them, although he rigorously left their captain to command them.

Omaha had, at that time, no more love for Lincoln than it has now, the amity of neighboring rival cities in America being notorious! It was simply swept off its feet, however, by the bearing and appearance of the crack company from the university battalion, as they began their practice drill that afternoon. Omaha had never seen, Omaha had never conceived of such perfection of accuracy in military movements. Incidentally, I wonder if there ever *was* a company more perfectly drilled than that little group of intelligent, educated young Americans, voluntarily submitting to the severest discipline, and receiving the undivided attention of the man who has since become the Commander-in-Chief of one of the greatest armies of the world.

IN any case, as they wheeled and fours-righted, and went through the manual of arms with incredible precision, cheer after cheer of astonished admiration broke out from the spectators massed on the grandstand, and that most intoxicating of all sounds, the clapping of innumerable applauding hands sounded loudly in the ears of the elated boys like a foretaste of certain triumph.

Alas! poor human nature, on how thin an edge is its good sense and self-control balanced! The boys were not used to plaudits; far from it! They were used to performing under the jealously watchful eye of the severest critic in America. Acclamation went to their heads. They began to swagger; they began to strut; their first care was not given to the work in hand. They said to themselves: "If people carry on so, over just a trial drill, why, we'll walk away with the cup tomorrow without half trying!" So they didn't half try. The latter half of the hour was a jaunty, swaggering romp and not a drill at all. They came off the parade-ground a vainglorious mob and not the crack company which had gone on.

They straggled off along to their tents, boasting boyishly, blustering and tempting Providence. The Lieut. followed, stalking along behind them, listening to their boyish braggadocio, his brow as dark as a thunder cloud, and when they arrived in their own quarters where no outsiders could hear him, the cloud swooped down on them and burst into retributive thunder-claps.

I retire, beaten in advance, from attempt to tell you what he said them! Perhaps you can imagine a litt of what he *would* say, how he would slash their conceit to ribbons with his sarcasms, and burn into nothing with his scorn their bumptious self-confidence. His harangue has gone down into Nebraska history under the universally adopted name of "The Eternal Calling-down" (its name now would be "Bawling-out"). Although I can't even faintly intimate any of its cold passion and vitriolic intensity, I can tell you that they all remember (and it was not a bad thing for young men to have imprinted on their innermost hearts) as the text and body and conclusion of it, the axiom that the man is not worth the powder to blow him up who does not *always*, under *all* circumstances, give the very *best* that is in him towards the accomplishment of what he is set to do. All this, said in a voice of unforgettable harshness and severity—heavens! what an unpleasant voice the Lieut. could have when he wished to!

THE boys listened in a frightened silence when he said contemptuously that he had been ashamed of them (*the Lieut. ashamed of them!*); they listened with contrite attention when he told them that they could just barely redeem themselves if they gave on the next day the very best drill possible for human beings to perform. They fell to work with eager remorse when he set them with a short, final, barked-out command to cleaning their guns, brushing their uniforms, and blacking their shoes, as the least they could do towards making immediate amends. Those who had hoped to slip away for a joyous evening of relaxation in the pleasures of night-life in Omaha renounced their plans without thinking of them twice, and brushed and polished and cleaned in a subdued silence. It is worthy of note that they blacked the *soles* of their shoes that evening, and that they were all abed and quiet by nine o'clock.

The next morning was fair; they rose early and fell to brushing and polishing again—finger-nails, teeth, hair, the backs of the heels of their shoes; the insides of the locks of their rifles.

Then the fateful moment arrived. They fell in—oh, the miraculous alignment of their column of fours, the realized dream of a mathematician! They shouldered their gleaming guns, their immaculate, white-gloved right hands swung in unison, their carefully pressed trousers opened and shut like the folds of an accordion. They were off, silent, grim, intent, determined to do or die! They passed the Lieut., rigidly erect, his cap pulled low, his arms folded on his chest, his eyes like cold steel, scrutinizing them, formidable, enigmatic.

And then something happened which nobody who was there will ever forget. As the last four passed him the Lieut. stirred, lifted his chin, smiled, and sent out after them in that beautiful, silver-clear voice of his, ringing and confident and proud:

"Boys—I think—you're going—*to WIN!*"

(*Continued on Page 66*)

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This is the story of a "Widow with 50,000 Children" with sidelights on the timely topic of "Why Queens Leave Home", and gossip about "The Disgrace of the Bees" (and of some other folks, too)—meaning *their Drones!*

MAKING THE BUSY BEE BUSIER

By Thomas H. Uzzell

As busy as a bee! For centuries the bee has been considered a pattern of complete efficiency. But the sugar shortage during the war forced us to look a little more closely into this honey-gathering business. And lo, we discovered that the bee was wasting her time! Accordingly she was put on a war basis, along with the rest of us.

Our government bee experts wrote to one hundred and fifty thousand bee-keepers: "The little busy bee has got to get busier," and they sent along directions for adding another shift of bees, and cutting down the overhead in the hive. Result: the bee became really efficient; our export of honey was increased fifteen times and our home consumption also enlarged.

Before the war our bees were still buzzing along in the romantic era of their existence. They were interesting hobbies for country gentlemen; farmers kept them as a side line, occasionally, with good luck, getting a batch of honey; and poets, who understood them less even than the country gentleman or the farmer, wrote mellifluous verses describing their "honeyed labors," and concluding with a moral dig on the beauties of hard work.

If the poets from Theocritus and Virgil down to Keats and Masefield had duly known what the bee was in for! she has entered upon her industrial age. Some now her swarming at flower time, one the glorious springtime romance of her life; hereafter amid the golden sunshine and nectared fragrance of the honey season she will devote herself one hundred per cent. to collecting and storing honey for man

> THINK of being able to increase the working force four times without increasing the overhead, of having found a way to prevent strikes at crucial periods of production, and to overcome industrial unrest by creating a contented and happy and a modern home—for a bee!

The main principle of the new scientific management for the hive provides that during the honey season the bees will produce more honey and less bees. A typical old "romantic" hive had as many nurses who don't gather honey as workers who do; the new industrial hive has five times as many workers as nurses.

This remarkable result came suddenly. In one season a fifteen-fold increase in export and an estimated doubling of home consumption. Yet no new magic was discovered. What is being done today (for the increased output is continuing) was being done before the war in Uncle Sam's apiary in the backyard of a suburban house on the outskirts of Washington. The new thing is that this deeper understanding of the marvelous organization of bee life within the hive, worked out by years of scientific experiments, has been passed out to our bee-keepers and by them made to work a revolution in their hives.

In order to understand how the bee has been made to do more work for less pay we will have to go on a tour of inspection through one of these little honey factories as it existed under pre-war conditions. We will visit one located, let us say, in a farmer's orchard somewhere in Maryland. The time of the year is the middle of June. The honey season is at its height. The hive building, which is used by the bees as home, factory and warehouse, stands about three feet high, has a frontage of sixteen inches and a depth of twenty inches. It was designed seventy years ago by a preacher named Langstroth.

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It has two stories which are standard in size and may be removed and manipulated by the beekeeper. The entrance is a seven-eighths-inch slit at the bottom of the lower story. There are no windows. The bee's task begins in the dazzling sunlight and ends in the crowded, murmurous darkness within the hive.

Let us imagine that the bees have invited us to step within (which they wouldn't) and take a look around. Through the gloom we can see that each of the stories contains ten frames hung from rabbets nailed along the tops of two opposite walls. Myriads of restless, brown bees producing a fairy tumult with their buzzing wings, are massed upon the wax cells plastered on both sides of these frames.

We are at once struck with the remarkable contrast between the work going forward in the lower story and that in the upper. The lower story is the home proper or nursery of the bees where the queen bee lays her eggs and the nurses care for the young, and the upper is the storage room where the honey is stored away for a rainy day—the rainy day being the bee owner.

If you pause now in one of the nurseries, step back (being careful not to get in the way of the workers rushing past you) and gaze up at one of the suspended "brood combs," you will behold bee breeding in all the splendor of its ordered complexity. The single queen bee, twice as large as the other bees, attended by a solicitous throng of nurses, places an egg into each cell as it is cleared out ahead of her. Since her job requires her to lay three thousand eggs a day, or twice her own weight in progeny, she is a heavy feeder. Every half hour or so she pauses to receive food syphoned to her by her attendants, after which she proceeds in her endless task of building up a new generation of workers—her share in the world's work.

You soon notice that the queen is following a spiral path from the center outward. Some distance behind her—three days behind, to be exact—you see the tiny white eggs turning into little wormlike larvæ. These larvæ lying asleep in their cradles, row upon row, are being fed with specially prepared baby food by other groups of hustling nurses.

But this baby food! It gets results. During the first day of feeding on it (mothers take notice!) the sleeping infant gains two hundred and seventy-five times its own weight. A human infant, gaining at the same rate, would weigh over a ton at the end of the first twenty-four hours of its existence!

Still nearer the center of the comb you see these cradles, full of fat baby larvæ, being sealed up. Farther back still you see the new young bees butting their heads against their little prisons, climbing out, and shaking their wings in the golden twilight.

All this activity is directly concerned with speeding up the birth rate. But some of the nurses may be seen fanning the air to keep up the circulation or sweeping the corridors to keep them irreproachably clean; others, stationed at the entrance like tiny Amazonian policemen, are attacking maurauding insects that come too close; and still others, the undertaker squad, fall upon the corpses of the dead and drag them, stinger first, out of the hive.

Passing now into the upper story, we see a wholly different sight—the manufacture and storage of honey. The ten frames of comb on each side are covered with one hundred and twenty thousand cells, all immaculately clean silvery tinted, fragrant. On these walls the worker bees are thickly massed in reddish bunches. What noise! What confusion! Their movements seem at first to be slow, incoherent and incomprehensible.

But look close. Follow one bee at a time. There! That translucent-winged little toiler forcing her way through that living wall with blows of her head is bent upon unloading the pollen baskets on her two hind legs. Another, a little honey tanker, is pouring her nectar into a newly finished vat. Another is turning nectar to honey by fanning it with her wings. Another is building a cell by removing wax scales from beneath her fuselage. And still another capsule maker is sealing down a cell full of clear, fully ripened honey.

There are no foremen, no monitors, no guides. Chaos becomes order—why? How? No one knows. It is so written in the precise and inexorable law of the bees.

Amid this scene of bewildering activity and excitement you will soon detect its one blemish and disgrace—the drones. They are, alas, the males of the hive. It is a tribute to the instinct of the queen that, being able to produce drones or workers at will, she produces only a very few of these big, lazy, blundering fellows who during the entire honey-gathering season stagger about in majestic pomp interfering with the work, plunging their gorgeous heads into the tiny vats full of newly stored nectar and in general having the time of their lives.

The only function of the drones in the family-factory is to mate with the new queen who will one day reign over the hive; and when this is accomplished by one of them, it is knock down and drag out for all the others. After which the queen mother and all her maiden assistants go it alone.

In the pre-war hive we are visiting there are a total of forty thousand bees. Except for the queen and the few drones these forty thousand are about equally divided into nurses and honey-makers. The nurses remain inside the lower story and give all their time to caring for the eggs and young bees. The producer's operations cover all parts of

"In the honey season, she devotes herself one hundred per cent. to collecting honey for man"

"From dazzling sunlight to the crowded, murmurous darkness within the hive"

"A little honey tanker, pouring her nectar into a newly finished vat"

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the hive and outside the surrounding meadows and woods for a radius of two or three miles.

Some of the producers remain in the two upper stories to build up the comb in which the nectar is stored; some act as "searchers," who scout about outside looking for flowers with nectar; but far the greatest bulk of them devote their entire time to travelling in a "bee line" from flower to hive, scurrying up into the upper store rooms, emptying their honey tanks and buzzing out again.

Now here is the chief problem of increasing the output of the honey factory: How can the beekeeper increase the number of these industrious daughters of toil and keep their energy at maximum during the honey harvest? To understand how this problem is solved by the bee wizard we will first have to be reminded of some of the profounder mysteries which enshroud the entire life of the bee.

THE way to make bees work hard is to pay them well for what they do, the same as with men. With human laborers the problem of discovering what they want most of all is a difficult one indeed. Some want money, some want fame, others want adventure, romance. But the honey bee has only one, all-consuming desire: to provide for the survival of the colony to which she belongs. Give her work to that end and she asks for nothing else in this world.

In the family-factory of the bee there is no struggle of individual versus society such as we humans worry about. The bee eliminates all chance for wasting energy in debating that question by agreeing that society is everything, the individual nothing. There are no Bolshevik anarchists among the bees. Within the hive you find the world's purest form of socialism. If the most idealistic socialists of today ever attain their dream ideal of a perfect society, they will have to revolute all over again, for the bee will be going them one better. Not even the wonderful division of labor and co-operation seen among ants equals the perfect and pitiless society of the bees.

A bee cannot live alone. Remove her from her hive and, no matter how carefully you feed her, she soon languishes and dies. The poets have made us believe that the bee flits daintily from flower to flower, lingering like some exquisite lady in her garden of roses. No, siree! She dives from the hive for a moment into flower-filled space but under pain of death it behooves her to hasten back and once more gain nourishment from breathing the spirit of the winged multitude of which she forms a part.

Disturb the hive and a bee will sting you. In doing so, she leaves her stinger in your skin. This act costs her her life. No self-defense this which results in her own death! Even the male bee, the drone, flies gaily to his wedding, a marriage that will also be his funeral.

Most impressive proof of loyalty to the colony and the future generation of bees is the fact that the tens of thousands of worker bees in each hive, all spinsters, abandon all hope of romance and work during the honey season with such exhausting intensity that they shorten their lives from four months to five weeks and die just as the year's stores of food are all in!

Knowing these things about the bee, the bee expert's task is greatly simplified. The deepest desire of the bee is the satisfaction of working her head off for others. Given that satisfaction, the tiny virgin worker will store honey until she drops dead and be glad of the chance. All the pay she asks is to be allowed to fulfill her mysterious duty of ceaseless sacrifice of herself to the future of her race.

That she may have this satisfaction, the nursery chambers are placed beneath the store rooms. Thus the little worker, every time she arrives with a load, penetrates first these sacred chambers of maternity. Seeing the wan, crumpled baby bees being helped from their birth-cradles, she thinks: "There, another mouth to fill!" and quickens her pace upward to the store rooms. Returning an instant later, she beholds a dozen more babies staggering about helplessly, thin as famine sufferers. "Good heavens!" she exclaims, "I'll never catch up at this rate," pops out into the sunshine and makes a record flight to the next flower.

And right here enters another industrially important fact about bees. The beekeeper capitalizes not only this passion for life sacrifice for the swarm, but also the fact that the bee with all her wonderful prudence, has not yet learned to check up on results.

Laden with nectar, she butts her way up to the combs she was putting the last licks on only to discover that it is gone and in its place is an empty frame without even any cells on it. "That's funny," she says to herself, buzzing in exasperation; "I thought I had that thing nearly finished." But the excitement of the other workers about her and the thought of a fine bunch of flowers she has just discovered dispels her worry. She dumps her nectar into the nearest available cell, hustles down to the alighting board and again begins her aerial freighting.

THUS the bees are paid. The beekeeper, to be sure, has to set aside a certain amount of honey for their food, but this honey is in no sense payment for work done; the amount he gives them is only what is necessary to keep them in health and to make them breed as rapidly as he desires. Bee wages are a state of mind, a satisfied instinct. The thing that satisfies this instinct is right conditions. And it is in giving out information as to what these right conditions for maximum production are that the government's bee experts have been of such unexampled service.

Our Maryland farmer, having this information, was able to increase his working force from twenty thousand to eighty thousand, the number of nurses remaining at twenty thousand as before. Thus he increased his number of employes four times without increasing his overhead. The result is the same, you see, as adding three shifts of laborers.

Connected with this task was another, equally important: How can he get this population of eighty thousand workers born and ready for business by the time the honey season opens?

In the case of our Maryland hive and thousands of others throughout the country, not even the twenty thousand workers were on the wing in time. Since the nursery work is speeded up by the warm, sunshiny weather, the owners of these hives drew a crop of bees instead of honey. They were like a summer hotel-keeper who opened his doors in October! So much for their inefficiency.

Scientific management of the hive demands that the beekeeper bend every effort first to build his legions of workers up to maximum numbers *before* the season opens, and second to keep them contented so that they will not go on a strike until the golden harvest is all taken in. The first task is a question of forced breeding; the second, of preventing "swarming."

The maternal activities of the hive during the six weeks before the "honey flow" are of the utmost importance to the scientific management of bees. Every bee born at that time is a worker for the harvest. The young bees moreover, work better than those that have come through the long winter. A bee is as old as she has worked. Her life energy is like that of a storage battery. In the winter, when she does little or no work, she lives five or six months; during the spring when on the job she burns herself out in five weeks. All bees die of overwork.

IF the farmer or beekeeper has provided his hive in the fall with sufficient food comb, it may not be necessary for him to disturb it until the time to put on his upper stories at the beginning of the honey season. If by examination, however, he finds that his bees are not turning out babies fast enough, he knows how to stimulate the nursery. If the queen is delivering a mere thousand eggs a day he can remove her and drop in another who will deliver two or three thousand. If the nursery becomes crowded, he can remove a brood comb or add another nursery story. If food supplies run short, he can slip in an extra hand-out.

Just how and when to make these changes, or "manipulations," as the bee man calls them, is a very subtle and at times baffling business. Formerly it was too often performed by rule-of-thumb methods or not looked after at all. Now it is done with the government's war literature in the hand. The voice of science is now listened to.

At last May 5th—the first radiant day of spring, rain-sweetened, full of warm, golden sunshine, perfumed with the spreading, greenish-yellow flower cups of the tulip popular—arrives and the heart of the scientific Maryland beekeeper is as glad as are the hearts of the bees. His hives contain each one hundred thousand bees! Now for the big honey crop. (*Continued on Page* 69)

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He was waiting for the "ice-keem coam man"

He had only two and one-quarter hours to wait

THE H. C. O. L. HITS BILLY BRAD

By Ellis Parker Butler

Illustrated by J. R. Shaver

THE high cost of living, as it rises or falls like the tides of the sea, does not hurt those whose incomes are controlled by the same impulses, and rise and fall in harmony with it. If Mr. Bradley's salary had gone "upsy daisy" at the same moment that "Children's Sandals, Sizes 5 to 13," went "upsy daisy" all would have been well, but salaries have a habit of panting along about four blocks behind the high cost of living, like Billy Brad trying to catch up with the ice-cream cone man. And that was why Mrs. Bradley asked Grandma to stay at the house while she went to the "Unprecedented Factory Clearance Sale" to get a pair of sandals for Billy Brad's busy little feet, for ninety cents as advertised.

"And here's five cents, Billy Brad," she said, as she departed. "If the ice-cream man comes around you can get an ice-cream cone, so be a good boy and do what Grandma tells you. Good-bye, dear, and if he gets hungry, mother, there are cookies in the stone jar in the closet under the china closet. If he gets fretful that's probably what he wants, but please don't let him have over two or three at a time, because he puts them in his pocket and crumbles them. Well, good bye, dear. I think you'll be all right until I get back. But, mother, if he does get impatient, you can give him a couple of slices of bread and butter. He likes the raspberry jam on it best. Good-bye, dear. The raspberry jam is in the jar labeled 'apple butter,' on the second shelf in the kitchen behind the salt bag and the meat chopper. Well, good-bye, dear; be a good boy. I wouldn't give him *too* much to eat, mother; his tongue was a little coated this morning. Well, good-bye, dear!"

It was the first time she had ever been able to see a boy's tonsils.

Three times, on the way to the corner, Mrs. Bradley turned to wave her hand at Billy Brad, who stood holding his nickel in his chubby fist. When she disappeared around the corner he took his seat on the low, concrete horse-block to wait for the ice-cream man. It was then eighteen minutes after twelve. Normally, barring accidents and unusually good trade conditions, the ice-cream man arrived in front of the Bradley residence at two-thirty. Normally, when there were no sandals to be purchased at a bargain, Billy Brad had his "yunch" at twelve-thirty and then an hour of "rest" in his room.

Billy Brad's "rest" was a tradition, hanging over from his tenderer infancy. Theoretically Billy Brad went to his room, after lunch, and indulged in sixty minutes of refreshing midday slumber. In practice the "rest" did not work out that way. Billy Brad would go to his room, shut his door with a bang that shook the house, and immediately begin to drive huge, reluctant nails into tough, resonant boards with the "yammer" from his tool

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"Six cents—you gotta pay six cents. Tell your ma to give you another cent"

set. When, after a kitten-quiet morning in the sand pile in the back yard Billy Brad retired for his siesta, he became active and the noise was like that of a muscular carpenter putting a tin roof on an ice house.

On this particular day, not being required to take a rest, Billy Brad sat quietly on the horse-block and resembled a Rodin "thinker" done in pink flesh with dimples, and freckles across the puggy little nose. He was not impatient. He was doing the thing he loved best to do. He was waiting for the "yice-keem coam man." He had only two and one-quarter hours to wait.

Waiting for the ice-cream cone man was, at that moment, a sacred rite with Billy Brad. It was a return to the cherished customs of his youth—half a year ago—when he was a mere infant of four years. In those far-off, long-ago days waiting for the ice-cream cone man had been the maddest, merriest part of his day. About two-thirty each day the ice-cream cone man arrived; at two-forty-five Billy Brad had eaten his cone, down to the final, pointed tip; at two-forty-six he began to "wait" for the next day's coming of the ice-cream cone man. First, he undertook the financial operation of securing the necessary nickel, and—being Billy Brad—got it. Then he lost it, and found it, and lost it and did not find it, and wept, and Mrs. Bradley found it, and then he lost it and found it. And then he lost and found it. It made life one long thrill. The last thing at night he asked "Where's my yickle for my yice-keem coam?" and the first thing in the morning he asked "Where's my yickle for my yice-keem coam?"

Through the long winter he thought many times of the ice-cream cone wagon. When some far-off junk-man's bell would jingle Billy Brad would raise his head and listen, expectant, half-believing and yet wondering. Could it be the ice-cream cone man?

On warm, sunny days that halted the snow Billy Brad would say hopefully, "I dess it's mos' time for the yice-keem coam man to come around now." At Christmas he laughed gleefully at the cornucopias hanging on the tree: "Yey yooks yike keem coams," he said.

And Billy Brad had been away from home the very first day the ice-cream cone man did come around! He had been in the city with Mrs. Bradley shopping, and the ice-cream cone man had tinkled his bell in front of Billy Brad's home in vain! Billy Brad knew this within three minutes after his return from the metropolis. Mabel May and Dorothy Ann, the Street's twins, told him. Strange boys he had never seen before, stopped and told him. Unintroduced little girls in pink dresses, who lived in the far-off regions two hundred yards up the street, stopped and told him *they* had had ice-cream cones to-day and were going to have ice-cream cones to-morrow.

"And—and—and I'm going to have a yice-keem coam to-morrow, too!" said Billy Brad, but it hurt that he had not had one to-day. He felt cheated. He had missed an ice-cream cone and had only had a trip to New York, a cake of nut chocolate, an orangeade, a package of sugared popcorn, a chocolate sundae and a bar of peanut candy. It must not happen again.

From time to time Grandma looked out of the window and saw Billy Brad sitting on the horse-block. He sat so quietly that she feared he must be ill.

"Are you all right, Billy Brad?" she called quaveringly.

"I—I—I'm waiting for the yice-keem coam man," Billy Brad shouted back.

Grandma did not understand him. She did not hear as well as she had once heard and she seldom understood Billy Brad's words anyway.

"Oh! very well, dear!" she called back, hoping all was, indeed, very well.

Billy Brad sat on the horse-block and listened. Now and then he sighed and moved a little, trying to find a softer spot to sit on; now and then he glanced over his shoulder toward the back yard and the sand-pile, where so many things waited to be done.

His ears were keenly alert for the ice-cream cone man's bell. It was usually to be heard first far distant, many blocks to the north, "jangle, jangle, jangle," and then a long pause while some fortunate young person bought a cone, and then "jangle, jangle, jangle," as the ice-cream cone man drove to another house. The bell rang many times, usually, after Billy Brad first heard it—as the ice-cream cone man drove his lean, uninterested white horse up one street and down an-

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other—before it reached Billy Brad's. Waiting became a pleasure, however, after the bell was first heard. Always, sooner or later, the ice-cream cone man arrived. Never had he, or his horse, dropped dead after the bell rang first in the far distance.

This day many sounds came to Billy Brad's eager ears as he listened hopefully. A bird in the oak in the back yard whistled "chitty chee wee wee" insistently. Far off, somewhere, a street car gong clanged "clank, clank, clank." A lawn-mower whirred with muffled clicking. A boat on the Sound tooted. A chicken went "cra-a-awk, cr-a-a-awk." A screen door slammed. A woman's voice came from the distance: she seemed to be telling a delivery boy what she thought ought to be done to him in the way of general massacre and destruction.

And then! So faint, so far, Billy Brad could scarcely hear it, the "jangle, jangle, jangle" of the ice-cream cone man's bell!

Billy Brad clasped his nickel closer in his hand. He straightened his back and sat upright and eager. The look of gentle patience that had dwelt upon his face changed to glad expectancy. He held his nickel between his hands and pressed his hands between his knees ecstatically.

"Oo!" said Billy Brad joyfully.

Up and down the street cone buyers began to appear, taking seats on porch steps or hippety-hopping to the street.

And the jangle of the bell came nearer and nearer. It came to the end of the block. Billy Brad stood up. He meant to be ready. Mabel May and Dorothy Ann went hippety-hopping back to their porch, nibbling ice-cream cones. Eddie held his cone high in the air and shouted. Billy Brad stepped back one step as the terrifying white horse drowsed past him and then stepped close to the wheel of the ice-cream cone man's cart

"I—I—I wanna yice-keem coam," said Billy Brad eagerly and held up his nickel. The ice-cream cone man looked at it.

"Six cents, son," he said.

"I—I wanna yice-keem coam," said Billy Brad again.

"Six cents," the man said. "You gotta pay six cents. That ain't enough money. You gotta have another cent. Tell your ma to give you another cent."

"But but—but I wanna yice-keem coam," said Billy Brad, holding up the nickel in the palm of his hand.

"Six cents," the man said. "You can't get one for five cents."

"But—but I *want* one," said Billy Brad

His lip quivered. You see, he had waited in all two hours, and fifteen minutes, and six months, just to buy an ice cream cone.

"I *want* one," he pleaded, and tears filled his eyes.

"Go tell your ma to give you some more money—another cent. I gotta get six cents for cones this year. You tell your ma; she'll give you another cent."

"She—she—she ain't no home," said Billy Brad tremulously. "She—she—she ain't not home. She—she—ain't—ain't —ain't –oh, oo—hoo—hoo! Oh, oo—hoo—hoo! I wanna coam, I wanna—Oh, oo—hoo—hoo!"

The rest of it was drowned in sobs. Never in the world, from the time of Shem, the son of Noah, to the present day, had there been such grief. The "Oo!" became a loud wail, a scream of anguish such as a small boy utters when he has picked up a bee by mistake, it became a series of screams of anguish and Billy Brad turned and fled toward the house. He did not hear the ice-cream cone man say, with deep regret:

"I'm sorry, son, but you can get one to-morrow. Giddap, Nellie!"

What Billy Brad heard, through his own yells, was the jangle of the ice-cream cone man's bell as he stopped at the next house. Grandma heard the yells They were such yells of pain and fear as are torn from a child when it is frightened to madness by the bite of a ferocious dog. Her heart stopped beating. Her face turned as white as chalk. She ran, trembling, to the door to see Billy Brad scrambling up the porch steps, using his hands, looking back, and then looking up at her with eyes that were wide with fear, while his screams rent her ears.

"Come in! Come in! What is it? Oh, what is the matter?" she cried, her hands outstretched

"I do wanna yice-keem coam —I do wanna—I do—I" Billy Brad shrieked. "Ah -ah—ah—I do wanna—ah—ah—ah –I do—I do."

"Oh! did a dog bite you?" cried Grandma, quite as excitedly as Billy Brad. "Did a dog bite you, Billy Brad? What is it? Oh! tell Grandma; tell Grandma!"

"I do wanna -I do wanna——" shrieked Billy Brad. He might as well have shrieked a part of the Koran as translated into Greek. Grandma had him in her arms. She was on her knees, feeling his bones to find the broken one, looking for the bloody tooth-marks.

Never had she witnessed such tumultuous, long-continued grief and anguish. The tears ran down Billy Brad's face in rivulets, in rivers— they almost washed it clean.

"Tell Grandma; tell Grandma" Grandma wailed and "I do wanna! I do wanna!" wailed Billy Brad, while she felt of him as if he were an ancient Roman slave and she an ancient Roman slave dealer hunting flaws, and then he heard the jangle of the ice-cream cone man's bell farther down the street and wailed twice as hard and long and loud as before. It was as if his broken heart were now being run through a corn-sheller or a meat-chopper or a coffee grinder or some such instrument of torture.

The (*Continued on Page 72*)

So Billy Brad was escorted by a tall policeman to the station house

The little lad is here, well an' hearty, eatin' an ice-cream cone as big as life

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ISS HELEN KELLER

rting without hearing, sight or speech, Miss
.ler has broken through these invincible barriers.
: has become accomplished in colors, she can
cribe the human voice and can appreciate
sic—in fact, she senses all that other people
se. She has even acquired some skill in
ech. Aided by a wonderful teacher, Mrs. Anne
livan Macy, who has been with her since
ith, Miss Keller has been graduated from Radcliffe
llege, and is now one of America's most
tinguished writers. Her life sets new stan-
rds and holds deep inspirations for everyone

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O! BRAVE NEW WORLD THAT HAS SUCH PEOPLE IN'T

By Helen Keller

Illustrations by Willy Pogany

IN Darkland we realize that impatience and hurry hinder progress. In your world, where the eye is mistress, you flit from object to object so nimbly that you do not truly observe anything. As a clever Frenchwoman said, "When we see everything, we see nothing." In our world, where the hand is master, we pause often; we must needs feel out the meaning of things; we listen, think and learn. The broad highways are denied us; so we turn into the by-paths and find them full of flowers and singing birds. At every turn we meet little surprises, unexpected joys, sweet companionship, the delicate wild scent of the woods which we might never have noticed if we had gone by another way. But I am getting ahead too slowly. I must keep more in the straight and narrow path prescribed by law and order. But first I must go back a little. My story will be better understood if I start at the beginning.

We spent two wonderful days at Evergreen and the Red Cross Institute for the Blind. I say "we" because I was accompanied by my beloved friend and teacher, Anne Sullivan Macy, without the aid of whose dear eyes and loving sympathy, and especially of her faithful fingers, which no fatigue was allowed to interrupt, this record would be beggared of many realistic details.

I had read, heard and thought a great deal about Evergreen, about the men who go there. Yet, as the train bore us swiftly towards Baltimore, my mind shrank from the picture of the institution which imagination conjured up. My heart was agitated by a two-fold emotion. I knew I was going to see a work which all the circumstances of my life had made familiar to me. Nevertheless, I was appalled at the thought of meeting so many young men who had been wounded at the time when life seemed most full of promise. I tried to enter into the experience of a young man when, after surgical skill and nursing have done their utmost, he hears the verdict, "Hopelessly blind."

Think what that means—never again to see the light of day—never again to behold the face of wife or child or comrade—never again to walk the open road of life free and sure-footed! Imagine, if you have the courage, how you would feel this minute if you knew you had to begin a life of darkness and dependence. Your greatest anguish would not be the thought that you would not see any more the stars or the colors of the flowers. It would be the terrifying sense that your personal liberty was lost forever. For the cruelest part of blindness is the thousand restraints it imposes. From these restraints there is no escape. Though all the world holds out a hand to help the blind one, and guide his feet in pleasant ways, still dependence weighs heavily upon his spirit. The bravest man, if given the choice, would prefer death to blindness. Yet there are thousands of young men in the world today who have heard the verdict, "Hopelessly blind." Only yesterday they went about their business, strong, self-reliant, full of the gladness of life. A flash—an agony—a last glimpse of God's world, the battle and hell, t "irrevocably dark, total eclipse' all this happens with the swiftn of lightning. When they come themselves they are in a hosp somewhere. They are bewildered. T do not realize that they are blind.

One of the first men I met at Ev green said to me, describing his sen tions: "It was black—so black, I touc myself to see if I was alive. Ther reached out my hand to make sure t I was not in a hole underground. So one spoke. The voice sounded v near. I asked, 'Where are we?' 'Ca you see it's a hospital?' said the voi 'I can't see anything, it's pitch da 'You're raving,' said the voice, 'it's br daylight.' 'Daylight?' I repeated, a started to laugh. Then it came to me a flash that I was blind. I lay stil long time trying to figure out that bl certainty."

Never before in the world's hist have so many young men waked to d days. God said, "Let there be ligh but for those brave men in the war h pitals there was no light. From th painful reflections my mind leaped ward to Evergreen, as a shipwrec mariner searches an inhospitable co for a haven.

Never shall I forget my feelings wh my friend said, "Here we ar Then with a little shudder, "I them—soldiers, soldiers, soldi everywhere—all blinded, so crippled and maimed in ot ways. Oh, there's one passing crutches, and he is blind, too!

We were taken first to the h pital, Evergreen proper—a be tiful country house with gr windows that let in a flood of s shine. We went up the br stairs, and were shown from w to ward. A hundred little thi were going on in the halls, on stairs, in the bedrooms, intima trifling things hard to descri but all interesting to me. I afraid I have a mind for trifl but that is not an unmitiga misfortune, since life is made of little things. In one room t or three men were seated or high hospital bed singing a r

> A SPLENDID broad-shouldered youth began to speak: "Do you know, I find blindness interesting. I keep wondering what discovery I shall make next. Things feel so different in my hands. I like to puzzle them out—a sort of 'bandage-your-eyes-and-tell-who-it-is' game, you understand. Life is a game, anyway. Sometimes you win, sometimes you lose. Why worry?"

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Lovely surroundings are as pleasing to the blind as to those who can see. Imagination gives a precious sight to the mind. In a very true sense, vision is the prerogative of the spirit

ıe tune, and beating time with their
:t. Other men were lying on their
ts with their heads bandaged (some
d just been operated on). The song
lowed us pleasantly up and down the
rd. Not a word of complaint or
ining did we hear. Every one seemed
od-humored, quick to laugh and join
any bit of fun.

I recommend a visit to Evergreen to
persons who have a tendency to mag-
y their troubles. The resolute cour-
e and fine spirit of the place will prove
alutary rebuke. The world owes those
nd soldiers a debt of gratitude for
ing tractable, brave and patient in
ch a desperate situation.

Evergreen is pleasantly situated in a lovely suburb of Baltimore. The surroundings are beautiful. On every side are colorful gardens, groves and wooded walks. The men take great pleasure in showing their friends about the grounds and hearing them exclaim over the beauty and charm of the place.

Do you ask, "What use is all this beauty if they can't see it?" Lovely surroundings are as pleasing to the blind as they are to those who behold them with their physical eyes. Imagination gives a precious sight to the mind. In a very true sense, vision is the prerogative of the spirit.

When you come to think of it, ideas make the world we live in. What people call "seeing" is not the actual reflection of light-rays on the retina of the eye, but the impression the brain receives. No two persons see alike. As A and B look at the same object, their ideas of it are quite dissimilar. They are both equipped with good eyes; but seeing is a mental process, and A's and B's mental equipment and capacity are different. That is why the impressions they receive are not the same.

Having this point of view in mind, you can better understand what it must mean to those poor fellows, just snatched from the red inferno of war, its strain and wounds and blindness, to find themselves in the sweet, r e c o n c i l i n g, rose embowered, oak-crowned environment of Evergreen. While there they are storing up sunshine and h a p p y thoughts against the sober days when they will take up the burden and the struggle of life again.

Now we have come out into the fresh golden sunshine. The grass is soft under the bare trees, and the earth gives out a delicious smell. An old pioneer in the work of the sightless, a perfect firebrand of enthusiasm and energy, is saying: "You see. Evergreen has a double function. It is a hospital where soldiers and marines blinded in battle stay during the period of their convalescence, and receive such medical or surgical treatment as they may still require. It is also a training-school where they are equipped to enter the industrial battlefield. In other countries the work of re-educating blinded soldiers and sailors is essentially a philanthropic enterprise, while here it is carried on by the United States Government and the Red Cross. In some ways it is a unique undertaking. It aims to co-ordinate the manifold agencies of rehabilitation for blinded soldiers, and it is hoped that ultimately it will include the welfare of the civilian blind. Evergreen employs the best methods, the most up-to-date system of instruction and the most sympathetic co-operation between the management and the men. It represents intelligent effort, the strength and sanctification of the heroism of peace."

We are now entering a large, gray stone, ivy-covered house—the headquarters of the Red Cross Institute for the Blind, which works in co-operation with the United States Government. The place is alive with interest. People are coming and going on all sorts of errands —fathers and mothers, sweethearts, wives and friends visiting the men, doctors, nurses, teachers, officers and soldiers. Our friend, a modern Herodotus, has an interesting story to tell about everything and every one.

Looked at with the eyes of enthusi-

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asm, everything is adventure, discovery. It is a joy just to get out-of-doors, to breathe clean air, to stand still in a green field, to smell the sweet scent of growing things, to hear water rippling over stones, to touch delicate leaves and flowers that flutter softly in one's hand, to lean against the strength of great trees. With minds alert and hearts courageous even the sightless find life interesting.

We are on the board-walk going towards the school buildings. I feit footsteps. Two boys were approaching us arm-in-arm. "The boy on the left arrived this morning," said the guide. One of them shouted, "Clea the deck, or we'll bump into you." We stopped them and shook hands. The newcomer was from Nebraska. His eyes were still bandaged. "Gee," he said to me, "I learned about you in school. I never thought then I'd be blind myself." It was difficult, impossible to imagine how that light-hearted, laughter-loving young fellow would adapt himself to the conditions of my dark world.

We enter a large, sunny room I at once realized that there were a number of persons variously occupied. I bumped into a boy who was making a hammock. "How are you getting on?" I asked. "Fine!" was the answer. "Only one knot out of two slips now." "Queer," he continued, "I used to be great on knots when I could see. I could tie a knot that would make a sailor green-eyed."

"We call this the finger-kindergarten," explains our friend Since the sense of touch must take the place of sight, as a preliminary to real work, the men are taught various crafts—weaving, chair-caning, basketry, bookbinding and sloyd with the object of training their hands. The more varied the tasks, the more dextrous and supple their fingers become. Very soon the boys recover some of their little competences—fixing a tie, manicuring their nails, shaving and telling the time.

"Sudden blindness is like being born again. One has to learn everything over again, even to walk! The first step forward is no easy feat for the newly blinded man. He staggers, he gropes"

Each one is provided with a watch. There is a watch made especially for the blind. I use one which has round the rim twelve points corresponding to the figures on the face of the watch. On the back is an extra hand, so arranged that it follows the minute hand. But usually the blind use the ordinary watch, from which the crystal has been removed, so that they can lightly touch the hands.

The men also quickly learn to use a typewriter. That is the easiest mode of communication. Each pupil is given a machine, so that he can keep in touch with his family and friends.

Another accomplishment for the men is to learn to write and read Braille. Braille is a kind of embossed print, produced by punching a stylus into thick paper so as to make a dot. The base of Braille is a group of six dots, three high and two wide, arranged in a vertical cell. These dots are capable of being arranged in about eighty different positions. The characters thus formed represent the letters of the alphabet, and a number of signs—word and part-word signs.

This system was invented by Louis Braille. He was born in France in 1809. He was the son of a saddle-maker, and while he was very little, he watched his father at work. At the age of three he tried to punch holes like his father. The awl slipped and destroyed the sight of one eye. In a short time he lost the sight of the other eye, too. It was while he was a pupil at the Institution for the Blind in Paris that he invented the system of raised print which bears his name, and which is now used by the sightless throughout the world.

The advantage of Braille is that the blind can not only write it, but also read it with their fingers. I stood by a man who was clumsily trying to decipher the Braille alphabet. "I can't make it out," he said with a grimace of despair. "it feels exactly like sandpaper." But as soon as the men master Braille, they begin to feel at home in the dark.

Through all these processes the sense of touch is developed. Some people like

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to think that the sightless are given a mystical sixth sense to replace the lost one. As a matter of fact they are not. But they train the remaining senses until they become wonderfully observant, efficient and dependable. Sometimes it seems as if the whole substance of my flesh were so many eyes looking out upon a world new created every day. You ask, "How can touch, smell and taste perform the function of sight and hearing in addition to their own?" This question is answered daily in the experience of the blind. Touch brings us many sweet certainties which the more fortunate miss because their sense of feeling is uncultivated. When they look at things, they put their hands in their pockets. No doubt that is why their knowledge is often vague, inaccurate and useless. Many persons having perfect physical eyes are blind in their perceptions. Many who have perfect ears are emotionally deaf. The ear can be so trained that it tells the blind everything going on in the house, in the street, in the workshop. They often become so expert in interpreting sounds that they can tread their way through the traffic of a great city. To them all motions, vibrations and murmurs are eloquent.

This train of thought was interrupted by an attractive fellow with curly hair and a sensitive mouth, who was speaking into my hand a little hesitatingly, "I don't know if you understand what I say. I'm Irish. Do you like the Irish?" "Oh, yes," I laughed, "all Irishmen are poets and flatterers." "Perhaps that's the reason ladies like us," he teased.

Gradually taking courage from his comrade, a sailor boy ventured to ask if I could dance. On being told that I adored dancing, he asked me if I would give him the first dance that evening. A tall, active, straight young youth, who had been a fine marksman before he lost his sight in the battle of Chateau-Thierry, took my hand and said, "If he's to have the first dance, I want the first walk with you. Will you let me escort you to the Red Cross House for tea?" I think he wanted to test my confidence in his ability to find his way about. So we marched off together, and the "tap-tap" of his cane was music to my feet. We arrived at our destination flushed and confident. Naturally he felt a little proud that the adventure had turned out so happily. "Guess we're all right to book for the great American tour," he joked. These little victories give the men a taste of freedom and make them more self-reliant. Confidence begets confidence.

Who with eyes can have any conception of what walking—coming and going—means to a man just blinded? His sense of cohesion and balance has suffered a violent shock. Sudden blindness is like being born again. One has to learn everything over again, even to walk! The first step forward is no easy feat for the newly blinded man. He staggers, he gropes, he bumps against tables and chairs, he is lost in the most familiar room. The more active he has been, the more exasperating is his helplessness. It is not strange that he rebels against his injury, that he conceives a horror of the future. He feels that an inimical force has snatched him from the solid earth and flung him adrift upon dark waters. It is at this time that he is most in need of judicious assistance. Unless intelligent help is given promptly, he may never find himself again. This first aid he finds at Evergreen.

Those who lose their sight in childhood never experience this terror of the dark. As little children they learn to depend upon the other senses. With the help of touch they explore their environment. They move about unafraid because they can distinguish a level floor from a paved street or a lawn or a country road or a plowed field by the sensations that come to their feet. They are aware of their enemy, and know how to get the better of him. But it is infinitely hard to learn to do these simple things in a different way in mature life.

That is why recreation is more emphasized at Evergreen than school routine. It is vitally important that the men should regain their initiative and independence as far as that is possible.

"The library is the heart of Evergreen. Here the men gather when On the other side of the hall, in the living-room, a group of boys

They are encouraged to go off by themselves. They use a cane to gauge their steps, and soon learn to recognize and turn out for obstacles. Games stimulate them to greater activity, especially out-of-door sports. It is surprising to see how quickly blind men learn to run, jump and play and bowl. They feel the direction of the alley with their feet. If they have played before, there is a certain excitement in seeing how near they can get to their old scores. In their leisure hours they play cards (suits and spots are indicated by Braille characters), also dominoes, checkers and even chess. They are drilled every day in the gymnasium, which is equipped with a splendid swimming-pool and with shower baths.

The men have also two dances in the gymnasium every week. One is an instruction night, and the other is a regular ball to which they invite their friends. A sound of rhythmic feet, a burst of music, and the dance is on! My sailor boy and I go spinning round and round, bumping into other couples occasionally and thus adding to the general merriment. "Tom" was talking to my teacher. A sweet young girl came up to him and said softly, "Will you give me the next dance?" "Y—es," answered Tom without enthusiasm. When she was gone he inquired if she was a "looker." On hearing that she was very pretty, he said, "Oh, that's all right. I don't mind dancing with good-looking ones." The benefit of all these

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ever they can. They play games or read or write or chat quietly. were singing, 'There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight'"

diversions and gaieties cannot be overestimated. The men always work with more spirit afterwards.

The library is the heart of Evergreen. Here the men gather whenever they can. They play games or read or write or chat quietly. The Red Cross Institute for the Blind employs copyists to transcribe into Braille the most interesting articles on current topics, short stories and anecdotes. These are bound in "cheer-up volumes." They give practice in reading with the fingers. But what the men like best is to have some one read aloud to them.

Tea is served at four o'clock every day. The gentle hostesses show the blind soldiers many little attentions which are comforting and soothing to the chafed spirit. Tea is a delightfully informal affair. To some of the men it is the event of the day when they are kindled by that bright atmosphere of humor, cheerful conversation and harmonious refinement.

One of the most interesting events of my life was spent in the library. Seated in deep, comfortable chairs, before a crackling, pine-scented fire, the men became reminiscent. We listened breathlessly to their vivid talk of trench life, battles, hardships and fun. It came over me that real war never gets into books. As I sat there, I was aware of visions. Through the flow of their gay, rough talk I heard sounds that made me tremble—sighs, groans, the spilling of blood and the tears of countless thousands of women and orphans like a heavy rain. A voice that would not be still insistently questioned: "Why should such things be? Can it possibly be right to blind, maim and utterly destroy men, body and mind, for any purpose whatever?" Suddenly into my hand fell the words: "I'd give another pair of eyes to stop Kaiser Bill's little game."

Undoubtedly "this is a terribly puzzlin' world."

A splendid, broad-shouldered youth began to speak: "Do you know, I find blindness interesting. I keep wondering what discovery I shall make next. Things feel so different in my hands. I like to puzzle them out—a sort of 'bandage-your-eyes-and-tell-who-it-is' game, you understand. Life is a game anyway. Sometimes you win, sometimes you lose. Why worry?"

There was another fine young fellow who had given both his eyes and his arms in the bloody conflict of Chateau-Thierry. He was laughing and chatting with the others. My heart swelled at the courage of this unconquerable boy. For one great moment this young hero seemed to embody all the sacrifices men had ever made for their liberties. "You have struck a blow for world-freedom," I murmured. "I'll never strike another," he replied, and laughed at his grim joke.

On the other side of the hall, in the living-room, a group of boys were singing. "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight."

It is within the power of every one to know the happiness that comes from books. The blind can always feel safe, comfortable and independent when they open a book and step confidently into the world of the imagination. Once there, limitations fall away, and no quarter is asked where all are equal. We bury our hands in a fine book, and when we withdraw them, they are full of the wondrous treasures of life. Visions of the invisible world are ours.

Biographies, when they have in them the sap of inspiration, are especially helpful to the sightless. They kindle enthusiasm for achievement. The example of other men's courage feeds the sinews of their will. Knowledge of the difficulties that others have encountered and overcome shows them that they are links in the chain of a universal struggle. After reading the story of such a triumphant achievement as that of Francois Huber, one of the greatest masters of apiarian science—the wonderful "seer" who, though blind, guided with his spirit the eyes and hands of his loving assistant in his study of bees—they begin to understand that the only hopeless darkness is the darkness of the mind.

The bitterest grief of the newly blinded is the loss of employment, and the accompanying dread of being a burden to their families. Having lost touch with the world, they find it difficult to get back by their own efforts. Therefore work must be sought for them, and indeed for all the sightless. I hope I have made it clear that the blind do not expect or desire pity. Nothing is more distasteful to a self-respecting blind man than the commiseration of his neighbors. Painted in large letters on the walls of one of the schools for blinded soldiers in France are the words: "To pity is not to console. Only words of hope and confidence should be spoken here." There is always hope for him who knows he can work. Work is the blind man's anchor in the dark, his beacon, a gateway to happiness. When the mind bends gladly to a task, and the hand has to keep up with the eager spirit, one feels in love with life, in tune with the universe, and blindness loses its cruelest sting.

One of the most important functions of the Red Cross Institute is to assist the men to find employment. Heads of industry are interviewed, and their co-operation is sought in making experiments to see what processes are possible for the sightless. Thus the blinded soldiers are blazing new paths for their civilian brothers.

Already blind people have entered departments of industry that were never open to them before. At Ampere, New Jersey, the Crocker-Wheeler Company, a large electri- (*Continued on Page 73.*)

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A Song, a Beautiful Mam'selle, and—

PRIVATE DUGAN COMES TO A DECISION

By William Harper Dean

Illustrated by John Newton Howitt

DUGAN'S me name, I says, "buck private Michael Dugan o' the Forty-second. Three gold stripes I have on the left sleeve o' me tunic, one on me right an' a clean discharge in me pocket. Me father came from Ulster, sir, an' married Mary McGregor o' Vermont. I'm married meself—Madame Jeannette Dugan, o' Normandy, France, is me wife. I guess that makes me a regular American. Now, when do I get the job?"

"Very interesting," says the bird behind the desk, looking over his glasses. "Now please answer the following questions as a matter of record. How old are you?"

"Thirty-three."

"What was your occupation before you enlisted?"

"Foreman in concrete construction, sir, with the Webers, an' me old job's waitin' this minute for me."

"Have you ever worked on a farm?"

"Never a bit I have, but me wife——"

"Never mind—are you interested in this plan to provide work and a farm for you?"

Can you beat it! "Say," I cut in, "what do ye think I'm comin' here all the way from New York right off the transport an' leavin' Madame Dugan scared to death over at Hoboken for, if I'm not interested?"

"What kind of farming do you wish to follow? State whether general, live stock, truck or fruit. Would you be willing to take a job on some project if offered to you? In your own State? Anywhere in the United States?"

I never could get these Government red-tape artists, never a bit! They're human parrots, I say, not qualified to command. I drew in a long breath to let go on that string o' answers, but before I could open me mouth to speak, he waves his hand to stop.

"Now, Mr. Dugan," he says, "suppose you tell me just why you want this job. I can see that routine questions so necessary for our records are irksome to you."

"That's it," I says, "talk like a man! Why do I want the job? To get a runnin' start for the financial entanglements ahead, sir. A debt-free farm's me objective an' I'm going after it with me head down."

"And yet you have a remunerative position pending your renewal of contract with your firm——?" Just like this was runnin' in the back o' his head:

"Private Dugan, there's something queer for fair about your wantin' a farm. You're big and strong, by the looks o' ye, but you don't stoop at the shoulders an' you neither scrape your toes nor crack your knuckles when you speak to your superiors."

If I do say it, I've got a bit of air to me, I have. I'm a good soldier. Me back's straight an' me eyes are clear, an' I've got something like a snapper on the end o' me tongue when I speak. Me father taught me to speak up all the while he was teachin' me the brogue.

The truth of it is, I got on to all of it in France—me an' Madame Dugan together. So I told this bird a thing or two then an' there.

"D'YE mind the Forty-second's hell from November, 1917, through the Argonne?" I starts my story to him.

Well! I was there in it. I froze an' the shoes rotted from me blue feet. I didn't like killin', but kill I did an' did it well, for I was a soldier, I'm tellin' ye!

Yes, I was there! I fought in that hog-wallow o' mud an' blood an' saw things that turned the stomach o' me when I was starvin'. But I was soldierin'. I didn't whine—none o' us did. We went in an' saw it through—all but me. Heinie plugged me one red night out on the edge o' Argonne, right through the red-haired chest o' me. An' he left me with the mud an' rain an' shrapnel two days an' two nights before they found me. An' then they packed me into a truck for a fifty-kilometer haul over shell holes with forty others jammed in, helpless an' screamin' with the pain it made. 'Twas all over for me soon enough, because the blessed blackness shut down tight over me, an' Michael Dugan went only two kilometers. What they took out o' that truck at the end o' that ride was just the clay o' the man.

Then one mornin' Michael Dugan came back from a red thunderstorm and looked through the eyes o' him to white walls. He knew he was clean — washed clean! An' he felt women were close — clean, clear-eyed women near.

"Oh, you ought to know what it meant to the soul o' me to think about a woman—an' one like Jeannette that I'd never feasted me eyes on nor could for a month after I'd heard her passin' under me window in the war. She used to pass there, I tell ye, just as regular as the larks out there left the earth an' sang themselves away into the clouds. A-a-ah, 'twas a spring, that, though with hell comin' our way—red, thunderin' hell.

HERE I was, Private Michael Dugan o' the Forty-second, slipped clean an' cool amongst white sheets in a white little bed in a big white ward with the sun pourin' golden through the windows. An' this after a year in stinkin' mud to me shoulders, with the cooties drivin' the mind out o' me—starvin' for food, starvin' for things that couldn't be then —a-a-ah!

Yes, I lay there thinkin' between times o' the days to come when I'd walk upright like Michael Dugan again, with me hair trimmed neat an' me face shaved clean an' the squareness in me shoulders come back. Then to talk with the nurses o' evenin's round this old chateau——

I must have thought out loud, because the little runt in the bed next mine—the one with his leg sawed off—he looks at me one blessed mornin' when I was feastin' me eyes on a heavenly 'ittle nurse, an' he says:

"Forget it, bo. You won't walk about with 'em or fill their ears with blarney when you're up. That ain't for the likes o' you, Michael Dugan. It's against general orders. They're for officers only, you know."

"What!" I says. "Ain't it enough that I've found the simple pleasures o' me day off blocked because the only seats in the barn movie was for officers only? Ain't it enough that——!"

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"I walked on the mist n
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"An' so 'twas Jeannette learned to speak her English with a heavenly brogue. We'd sit outside her little stone cottage those spring mornin's"

"Enough," says the runt, "but true."

"Then," I says, "by the hole in me chest, the next war's goin' to be for officers only!"

Then the slow, burnin' grouch took hold o' me an' scorched me with fever. I lay there sullen. Now, a mad Irishman's natural. Fightin', he's a lovable creature. But sullen!—he's bad for society, I tell ye!

An' one mornin' when the fever was eatin' deeper into me soul, though the larks outside was doin' their best, I heard Mam'selle Jeannette. Right under me window she was passin', an' singin' the while. Three mornin's later I knew the song by heart an' waited for it. Here 'tis:

"Ma Jeannette, en avant,
Ma Jeannette! Ma Jeannette!
Pour le Roi et le drapeau,
Ma Jeannette, a l'assaut!"

It's just a little folk song, ye know, drifted down into France from Belgium An' that's the song that raised Michael Dugan's head from his pillow an' put him on his feet a week before the doctors said he'd be about an' doin'.

"Let me be up an' about in the mornin'," I says to the nurse one day when she'd had me in a wheel chair; "let me walk out an' breathe the mornin' air an' hear the larks—like the sweet angel ye are," I says. "One week o' that an' I'll throw away me stick an' you can set me free."

Ah, she may have been for officers only, but blarney 'tis every man's right that c'n use it, come it from the Colonel or from buck Private Dugan.

"You may," she says, "Private Dugan, if ye'll give me your word on it to come in after the hour."

"'Tis me word an' hand ye have," I says. An' never mind the general orders, I kissed her hand. An' she liked it.

SLEEP? How could I sleep that night, with me hand reachin' out for Jeannette's, to take hers an' kiss it? How can a man sleep when he's arguin' against the spirit o' his father that black eyes an' black hair are as lovely as the blue an' golden-red?

'Twas dawn when I was up an' stealin' out o' the ward, leanin' on me stick an' with me heart goin' on like a machine gun. A-a-ah, what a mornin'! Did ye ever see Normandy of a spring mornin' —or hear it, or smell it, or feel it goin' through the blood o' ye? 'Tisn't the larks, or the sun pourin' golden over the poplars, or the smell o' the flowers, or the sparkle o' the dew in the grass. None o' these, but all o' them. It's a heart song ye mustn't hear—just feel.

An' I hobbled out to the flower beds with that song in me, an' I pulled a handful o' the prettiest blooms, all against general orders. An' then I waited at the head o' the little path for Jeannette.

"Ma Jeannette, en avant—"

Gawd, she was comin', an' the flowers all but slipped through me fingers, an' the poundin' o' me heart was fit to open the heal in me chest!

' Ma Jeannette! Ma Jeannette—!"

Then I saw her just as she saw me. Standin' there in her little *sabots* an' with the white-winged little bonnet atop

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her black head, her sleeves up at the elbow, an' with a basket on her arm. She looked at me with her big black eyes growin' bigger an' the red in her cheeks gettin' deeper. An' for once an Irishman's tongue clove to the roof o' his mouth. Ah, I had seen her like this, day after day an' night by night there in the ward!

Then she back went straight an' I was Michael Dugan once more.

"*Bon jour, ma Jeannette!*" I says, steppin' straight forward like a man an' a soldier. "'Tis a sweet voice ye have for your spring song. *Voulez vous?*" I handed out the little bunch o' flowers an' me hand didn't shake.

She took a step back, looked at me like women do when they read to the bottom of men's souls. Then she smiled. Oh, man alive! did ye ever see the tiny red mouth that droops at the corners?

"*Je ne comprends pas, Monsieur,*" she says, but reachin' out for the flowers.

"Ah, yes you do understand," I says, comin' a step nearer. "As far as that's concerned, *Je ne parle pas francais tres bien.* But I don't have to speak French very well, you don't have to *parle pas* American. Darlin', there's a language common to the breed o' men like me an' women like you."

An' with that I dropped me stick an' kissed her right on the tender droopin' corner o' that mouth.

"*Comprenez-vous now?*" I says, my head spinnin' an' the song o' a thousand larks ringin' in me ears.

Man, I tell ye she laughed—a little ripple of a laugh like the tinkle o' a silver bell. "Ah, *oui! Je comprends!*"

Of course she understood! I picked up me stick an' took her arm. We walked down that path.

"*Ma Jeannette,*" I was sayin', "I am Monsieur Dugan, Michael Dugan, *American soldat blessé.*" I touched the place on me chest. "I've been listenin' to your song these mornin's, lyin' on me back, an' 'twas it that made me well."

I thought an' thought for the French of it an' was sick for the lack o' it. But I put me arm about her waist tender like, an' kissed her on the other corner o' her mouth.

"*L'amour!*" I says. I *knew* that meant "love." 'Twas the best me poor tongue could do

She looked at me with that thing in her eyes I was hungry to see. Man, I tell you her eyes said she understood 'twas a *gentleman* a-walkin' with his arm about her waist. She tossed her head abit, stopped, looked straight-eyed at me an' then she let out another o' those little tinklin' laughs.

"There on that mantel was the picture of her man, killed these two years"

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"L'amour!" she says back. "Ah, *Monsieur American Dugan, je comprends. L'amour!"* An' she laughed again.

I walked on the mist risin' from the dew at her feet an' me heart went soarin' up with the larks.

So 'twas we met an' found each other. Though her name wasn't Jeannette, but Marie, I called her Jeannette an' always will. An' so we met every mornin', for the nurse had a heart for privates, never mind general orders. An' so 'twas Jeannette learned to speak her English with a heavenly brogue, just as I put it on the French she taught me.

We'd sit outside her little stone cottage those spring mornin's after she had taken that basket o' eggs to the hospital, while her mother busied around the fire inside, now an' then callin' Jeannette to help with somethin'. An' every time she left me alone with me back against the old wall I thought hard.

"Mind your step, Michael Dugan," I says to meself one mornin'; "this thing's gone pretty far an' you've got to make some arrangements. You've won the tender angel fair an' square, man like; 'tisn't your fault that all the young bucks in this village are up in the line. She's yours! But you've got to play square. Now what are ye goin' to do?"

'Twas a question. The hole in me chest was nearly healed now an' soon I'd be gettin' me discharge. Thank Gawd America hadn't bled so deep in this war that she had to send her men back into line before they were whole again—like big Pierre, that brother of Jeannette's who was riddled at Verdun an' sent in again before he could hold his rifle steady.

Ah, that was the hell of it! He'd a-been more use to France back on this little farm where he wanted to be. I liked the fellow. He came home one day from the hospital with his cheeks all hollow an' white, but his eyes burnin' with the joy o' comin'. An' off went his rifle an' pack an' hobs, on went the blue blouse an' *sabots*. That week's leave he spent on the land and never before did I know the love in the heart o' France for the soil under her feet.

That's the secret o' France, mind ye! In peace these men like Pierre an' these women like Jeannette keep the country alive from the soil an' never lay them down to die in happiness until they own the soil they've worked. An' when wars come the men throw down their scythes an' shoulder rifles—for what? To fight for the blessed privilege o' comin' back to their land some day an' workin' from dawn to dark—so they can own it before they die!

Ah, they told me. Of the four million men o' France called to the colors, the most an' best o' them came from the soil. You c'n talk about the peasantry o' France, but I know it now. 'Tis the life blood o' the nation, the backbone o' the army. An' you c'n talk about this reconstruction of France, but I know about that, too. 'Twill be from the soil—somethin' no war can destroy any more than it can destroy the courage o' the people who love that soil an' shed their blood for it!

Now, look here at Jeannette's home. Her father had been killed at the Marne the first year o' the war. Then there was Pierre left, but he was at Verdun. Jeannette an' her old mother held the place together, for, bless ye! they weren't peasants any longer, but landowners! They had paid for fifteen acres of the land they were rentin', an' fifteen acres in your own name over there doesn't spell peasantry.

Jeannette an' her mother used to tell me about it an' I got it all. They had sixty-two acres in this place, five horses, five head o' cattle, two pigs an' their flock o' chickens. An' they had held it!

Oh, no, it wasn't easy! Once or twice a soldier on leave would pass through the village, stop with them and help for a day or two. But Jeannette an' her mother plowed an' reaped, did all the heavy work. An' always did it smilin'.

Then there was the little old woman nearby who lived all alone, because her man had been killed in the second year o' the war. I went over there an' listened to the old soul tellin' Jeannette how she'd held the thirty acres all by herself with what help she could get from soldiers passin' through on leave, went out with them an' saw the old white brood mare she had saved, saw her pale lips twitch when she said she had had so much trouble, then saw her eyes snap when she led us inside the cottage and pointed to the big mantel over the fireplace.

"But I have these," she was sayin' to Jeannette.

There on that mantel was her crucifix, a little red clay plaque of Joffre an' the picture of her man killed these two years. That's it—faith, pride an' memories!

A-a-ah, ye have heard the old poem that says, "For men must work an' women must weep," have ye? 'Tis of another age, I'm tellin' ye. These women didn't stay at home weepin' because their men were workin' an' fightin' an' dyin' at the front. 'Twould be better by far to say, "For men must fight an' women must reap." 'Tis the story o' France now!

"Well, then," I says to meself one day while I was waitin' for Jeannette to come back beside me on the bench out against the wall, "what are ye goin' to do? Soon ye'll be gettin' a discharge an' sailin' back. Ye want to marry Jeannette an' take her along—to what? The old job with the Webers?"

Man, at the thought o' the din an' crash o' the city an' the smell of it an' the dust—at the thought o' wallin' in Jeannette an' meself where we couldn't smell the fresh earth or hear the birds or lay us down thinkin' o' the day we'd spent fightin' to own what was under our feet—at the thought o' the old life me heart went sick. *That* after the peace o' Normandy, the chimes in the little churches at Angelus, the evenin's about her big fire while the big clock standin' in the corner marked off me hours all too fast!

No, 'twasn't for me nor never would be for Jeannette. 'Twasn't for the welter o' men out there at the front—men who'd come face to face with the clear features o' their God in the sufferin' o' battle. No, I tell ye, no!

'Twas the land I was hungerin' for now. "Never mind the price," I says to meself, "I've got no money, but land we'll have—Jeannette an' me!"

An' so the spring passed an' soon Pierre came back on leave an' called me brother. An' Jeannette an' me were married right there in the little church with the chimes. An' the people followed us back to her cottage, a throwin' flowers at us an' wishin' us God's blessin'.

"Now," I says to Jeannette one God-given day when the guns were still at last an' me discharge was safe in me hip pocket, *"la guerre est finis."* Gawd be praised! An' there's peace on earth. *Ma Jeannette,* darlin', *voulez vous* sail *avec moi* to America an' live on *la ferme?"*

"Ah, ma Michel!" She clapped her hands an' kissed me. I knew she'd not mind

(*Continued on Page* 73)

Uncle Sam's Sayings

TO THE PARENTS OF SOLDIERS

This is your son.
Do you know him?
His back is straight.
His chest is high.
His eyes are clear.
His teeth are white and strong.

He can march for miles with a pack on his back and come in smiling.

He can climb a mountain and swim across a river.

And smile, smile, smile, because he is strong. Uncle Sam has taught him to care for his body.

Everybody about him has a clean, strong body. He will expect to live with such people when he comes home. Are you ready?

Get fit.

Keep step with your soldier boy.

A. P.

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"I made it a part of the fun to invent new positions, and show them to the other girls, experimenting and trying myself out in all sorts of ways. I even lay flat on my stomach"

She was a frail little stenographer and she got it into her head that

SHE WANTED TO BE A FARMER

By Harriet Mayo

Illustrated by Leiaren A. Hiller

"CAN YOU pitch hay?" was the farmer's amused query.
"Yes, Sir," came the stout answer.
And she did! But that wasn't all she accomplished—for she exploded some of the farmer's pet theories about women and women's work.

SHE was just a pale little city-bred girl. She had learned shorthand in high school, and then taken a job as a stenographer. She had been born in a typical city block, and had lived the usual city girl's weakened and anemic life. Every spring she had experienced an intense longing for the country. Evidently the heart of her country ancestors was not yet dead within her, for something cried out for the green fields and for physical self-expression. Every such feeling was necessarily stifled in her city life, and year after year she grew steadily paler and weaker.

Farms were asking for laborers. The Woman's Land Army advertised for women to go in labor units to be hired out to the farmers. The little stenographer saw the advertisement. Her heart gave a great leap. It was the call of the wild!

Her friends said, "You can never stand the work; you would not like it if you could, and—you must be crazy!" They offered other kindly advice and remarks, free of charge. She would not believe them. Some new will had sprung afire in her. She overcame their influence, and also the almost insurmountable objections of her family, and presented herself at the office of the Woman's Land Army.

They looked her over. "Sorry," they said, "but you couldn't stand the racket."

"Do you mean I can't go?" she asked, growing more pale.

"You never could pass the physical examination," they told her. And they expressed this as final.

What did she do? Just like a real woman, she wept!

"Why are you weeping?" they asked her. "Do you really want to go so much as all that?"

She said she did.

"In that case," they said, "perhaps your spirit would make up for a good deal that your body lacks. We'll test you out." They allowed her to take the physical examination.

She passed—squeaked by, somehow or other. After all, there was nothing organic the matter with her. It was just

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a little fresh air and exercise starvation.

She arrived in the country, and was installed in a house with a number of other girls in charge of a supervisor who negotiated with the neighboring farmers for their services. A call came in from a farm for help, and the little stenographer was directed to a place where she was to labor from eight in the morning until five in the afternoon at whatever the farmer gave her to do.

When she presented herself to him, as his new farm hand, he looked at her, aghast.

The little woman knew what was going on in his mind. She put up a good fight. "Do not tell me that I am only a frail woman," she said to him. "My pallor, my lifeless body, my slim, weak fingers are no indication of what I can do. It is my spirit that will give me strength."

The farmer wriggled, and then he thought he had a way out. He said, "Pulling weeds is pretty tedious work."

"Tedious?" the little girl said to him, with a curious little wistful smile, "I have done tedious work year after year in a hot city. It was a close office, with a lot of other sickly people like myself. We had only electric lights to see by. When spring came I yearned for the country, but I worked drearily on, sitting still through the whole day—weary, nervous, irritable and unhappy."

"But the pay——" began the farmer.

"You cannot discourage me, sir," was the quick response. I have gone through too much for that. Every friend has tried to do it. Everyone has told me how foolish I was to give up the money of a city job. Yet my earnings were mostly spent for clothes, to wear to my office, to earn more money, for more clothes. For the loss of those pleasures for which I longed (she cast her eye over the green fields as she said it), my payment was—further loss, of my good youth and health."

"Can you pitch hay?" was the farmer's amused query.

"Yes, sir," came the stout answer. "You may not understand this power of spirit. I have become strong from desperation. Set me to work."

"It's drudgery," he warned her.

"Drudgery?" She gave him a charming smile, and swept her gaze over the beautiful landscape. "Ah, sir, has your heart grown old? See the thing with the eyes of youth! Smell the sweet ground, see the wide fields teeming with summer, gaze at the peaceful sky—why, this is paradise!"

He set her to work.

The following extracts from this stenographer's own report give a kaleidoscopic record of her experience, and answer in concrete terms those questions that have arisen in connection with the serious shortage in farm labor: What kind of laborers do women make? What do farmers think of them? How does the woman herself react to this new type of employment?

"The other girls of the labor unit helped," the report says. "The farmer showed us how to pull the weeds. It was very amusing, sitting under the sky with my new comrades, squatting on the earth, wearing overalls that were not hurt by the dirt. As we worked, I learned the different reasons that had brought us together. One of the girls had been a dressmaker, had spent her days fussing over fine sewing until she became ill, and feared that she was going into consumption. She had escaped to the farm to save her life.

"To be sure, my side was aching, but there, I had another side, and so I changed over.

"The fat girl turned out to be a singer. I predicted that she would lose a pound or two in that work. The blonde athlete was a well-to-do girl who had been giving her time to the Red Cross and was now giving it to the land. Her name was Helen. We christened her 'Husky Helen.' The one with the foreign countenance was newly graduated from college. Although she was only twenty-one, she was very learned. Scientific phrases that I did not even understand came to her command with perfect simplicity and naturalness. She made it a nice principle, I feel convinced, plainly to expect no distinction on account of her superior mental plane. She expounded advanced ideas favoring Bolshevism. Evidently it is 'the thing' among certain college girls.

"The farmer suddenly discovered that the Learned One was pulling up his most valuable beet tops, thinking they were weeds. The only beets she ever saw before just grew in stores! Also, that 'Husky Helen' was carefully cultivating worthless plantin'. What a lot there was to learn! How many sides has wisdom! I suspect that if we had not taken the trouble to explain, the farmer would not have been able to pick us out for what we were, or rather what we had been. We looked strangely alike in our blue jeans and our enormous straw hats.

"He noticed a difference in the spirit of his men and his women workers. I should say that it was the difference between work and play. For us it was a new recreation."

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"But when I started to move—oh, my muscles! Heavens, but I was sore and lame! Well, what did I expect? So I just said to myself, 'Buck up, you're a farmer now; it's part of the game!'"

"Now both my sides were aching, and I discovered that it was only ten o'clock in the morning. But I braced up. I told myself I had no discouragement, that everything is hard at first, no matter what you try. I made it a part of the fun to invent new positions, and showed them to the other girls, experimenting and trying myself out in all sorts of ways. I even lay flat on my stomach.

"My, but it was dirty work. You should have seen my hands. And my ankles were full of dust. Goodness, how sweaty I was, and hot, and whew, but I was aching! Here was a test of my pluck. The day moved at a snail's pace. 'I am equal to it,' I said. 'Don't mistake! I'll keep right on, right on.'

"Somebody discovered that there was an old swimming hole over there. I remembered the sensation of soft water on a truly hot and dusty skin—when was it?—years ago! I would turn back the hand of time and my comrades would join me. We would continue to torture ourselves with the heat and the aching; we would resign ourselves to the never-ending day, trusting that some time it would be over and then we would go and unbind our bodies and spread and splash in delicious, cool freedom We worked on, we talked, we sang, or we sat silently aching. In time it came—five o'clock. At last! Oh, oh, but I could hardly rise—oh! Well, I was on my feet. Then for the swimming hole!

"The next morning when I awoke, I made a discovery. It was that I had been asleep. Now that was sleep! I had not tossed, or lain awake, thinking through long hours—I had slept! I had forgotten, or perhaps I had never known, what sleep was. Nine hours of true oblivion! But when I started to move—oh, my muscles! Heavens, but I was sore and lame! Well, what did I expect? So I just said to myself, 'Buck up, you're a farmer now;it's part of the game!'

"That day we hoed beans. The dressmaker and I were set to doing a patch together. At first we were very awkward, but the farmer showed us how to straddle the rows, and we soon got the hang of it. Right away the poor man got all mixed up trying to remember 'Miss This' and 'Miss That.' He finally asked us if he couldn't just call us 'Bill' and 'Jack,' because he was more accustomed to that sort of thing. So I was 'Jack' and the little dressmaker was 'Bill'!

"We found that it pleased the farmer when we were enthusiastic, and were open-minded and teachable. After all, we were women, and it was pleasant to make him happy. He noticed a difference in the spirit of his men and his women workers. I should say that it was the difference between work and play. For us it was a new recreation. The days were rather long, but so they were at the office—I never forgot that. I could feel my body building out with strength. I took a long breath and I said, 'That's oxygen!'

"Some of the men laborers left. They found the work difficult and tiresome, and so they quit. I could have told them they would find that most things worth while have their difficult and tiresome beginnings, that success is attained by summoning one's will to go on through the difficulties. How could they win at something else, if they did not summon that, then as well as any time? For me, I would stick it out!

"I had another new experience. The farmer drove up with the old hay rick and said, 'Jump in!'

"'Jump in?' I said. 'But it is all dirty in the bottom, and where shall we sit?' Then I suddenly remembered that I was a farmer, and so I jumped in. I found myself armed with a pitchfork. I cannot describe my aversion to carrying it. It seemed like such a vulgar tool, fitted only for the hands of men.

"I quickly suspected, however, that my mind had fallen into ruts, and my imagination into inactivity, like my muscles, and that I would better make this a test of my plasticity, and so I hung on to the pitchfork. Who said it requires brute force to pitch hay? On the contrary, I found that it took largely knack (*Continued on Page 74*)

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In Italy we love very much the music, art poetry —the poetry of the scenery, of the music

"IF ONE SPEAK BAD HOW YOU

Italy was the Mother who here tells a of how he was

By Emily F.

Illustrations by

IN AN obscure workshop on the East Side of New York, I found a young Italian, Alessandro Deluca, working as a tailor but possessing extraordinary education and culture, who has been through the fire of being Americanized. His story is typical of that of almost any nationality and is here given because it is so suggestive of American duty and opportunity. Deluca is simply one of thousands, working at all sorts of jobs in our midst, who have been disappointed in their search for that beautiful Americanism of which they have heard such glowing accounts.

The cry has been raised to "Americanize" the foreigners in this country. Those who are working directly with them, and who see the situation here from the foreigners' point of view, have come to realize that before Americans can Americanize the foreigners, they must first Americanize themselves; they must first live up to those principles of democracy and fraternity to which they ask others to subscribe; they must open their homes and their hearts (as they would expect the foreigners to do them abroad) not only to the great foreign artists and poets but to the foreign workmen and tradesmen —so often the artists and poets in embryo.

Deluca is twenty-four years old. His looks are typically Italian. He is large, with the physique of a grand opera singer. In his manner, he has a slight touch of grandeur that gives subtle expression as no words could do to the grandeur and grace of the noble old civilization from which he springs. The story of his experience in America is given below in his own charmingly imperfect English.

"I speak only little English, and so you will pardon me if I make much mistake. In Italy I live in small town—six, seven thousand. It take not much money to live. We pay the rent once a year, only little money. We have fine garden, we live healthy, happy. I obey my mother's word, which is like the God. The people in my town they are serious, human, good heart. We give everything to the poor. When stranger comes to us, he got always the first chair, we make all we could for him. We love the foreigner, especially from North America. The people used to go to him and give him the welcome. We say, Oh he is Americano, he is from the land of Columbus. The stranger can stay a year, he don't need no money to pay for anything, wherever he go he got everything for nothing.

"We work little bit, and then we take the leisure. We love very much the music, art, poetry. We love the poetical life—poetry today, and tomorrow we take what's coming with the good patience. The way I mean is not only to read the books of the great poets, of Dante that we love more than a father, of Petrarca, Ariosto, Tasso, Alfieri and so many others down to Manzoni. Carducci, Giusti, D'Annunzio, but the poetry of the beautiful scenery in the country, the poetry of the music, the poetry of the friendship. Even in small town we have band and philharmonica. Not to know the musical works of Rossini like 'Barbiere di Seviglia' and 'Guglielmo Tell' is not to know anything. We like the music of the great Donizetti and Bellini because they are dramatici, emotionanti. We are crazy for 'Norma,' for 'Lucia di Lammermoor.' They have red blood, what the Italian like, for the Italian warm heart. We like Puccini, Mascagni. Verdi, we adore him. He was welcome all over for his

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OF YOUR MOTHER

FEEL ?"

of Alessandro Deluca, very human story "Americanized."

Robbins

Hawthorne Howland

wonderful heart. He speak the voice of the people, in the big romantic utterance, he speak fearless like a man, he express our own emotions by the great genius.

"In Italy I went to see the masterpiece of the great Italian painters and sculptors. I saw 'Moses' from Michelangelo. I saw 'The Last Supper' of Leonardo da Vinci. I saw the beautiful Madonna from Raphael. I saw the great monument of 'Collenoe Colleoni,' by Verrocchio in Venice. I saw there the beautiful Ducal Palace, and Ca Doro. I go to see the Vatican at Rome, the Palatine Hill, the Pantheon, the historic Castel Sant' Angelo. At Palermo I saw the leading theatre of the world. It cover five blocks. There were 1,000 dancers on the stage. It is so big you can go in an automobile right into the box. It is rich inside with the monument, the Turkish carpet. There is a motto, which means, 'Art renews the life and educates the people.' In Milano I saw La Scala, the oldest theatre in the world. Whenever a singer sings in La Scala and is appreciated there, he can go any place. Mr. Gatti Casazza, the present manager of the Metropolitan Opera in New York, come from there. Also I visit Naples. It is the beautiful that I cannot express in English. Alexander Dumas the great writer has said, 'See Naples and die.' The sky, the Vesuvius smoking in the distance, the panorama of Naples, the sea, it is something of the other world, it is to see the heaven.

"But all the time I hear about the grand city of New York. They say it is something to surprise everyone. I learn New York is twice, three, four, ten times bigger than Italian city Maybe it is better than Milano. Maybe it is better than Naples!

"'The land of the free and the home of the brave'—I am young and I think that is beautiful land. I hear such fine words like 'liberty,' 'democracy,' 'equality,' 'fraternity,' and I like these high principles. The people say it is the country where you are your own boss, where you may receive money on your word, where there is trust and confidence, so that America look like a blessed country, and I think I am going to great city, to ground country, to better world, and my heart develop big admiration and a great, noble sentiment for America and the Americano.

"I arrive in New York. You think I find here my idea?

"I go to live in Mulberry Street. The city look to me very ugly. I never see good sky. It is difficult for me to explain my disgust. The next day I feel like to come back to Italy.

"At first I think we live in whole big house, like we live in whole house in my town in Italy. Then I find we live only in few rooms of the house, and for these we pay much rent, in one month more than a whole year in Italy. So it is necessary to work very hard. If no work, very soon get into lots of trouble, no time to take a chance to read a book.

"Then I look for the hospitality. The Italian maybe he think all Americans are like George Washington, Abraham Lincoln. The Italian don't know to speak the language, and so he have to take the lowest job. Then the American have contempt for him because he work in servile position. That is the psychology. Sometime he know history, philosophy, geography, yet if he cannot speak the English, he give impression to be ignorant, he don't know nothing. American fresh to him. He call 'Wop,' 'Dago,' 'Guinea.' So the Italian feel like to go back to Italy. We say,

I go about the streets to find the great history, to feel the great emotion for all that is noble in America

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The Italians are for hard luck in America. In Italy they make believe they are crazy for foreigners, and then when we come, they insult.'

"In my Italian town, where I come, everything quiet, honest, religious. We are accustomed to obey the discipline, to respect the law. It is characteristic of the Latin race. Italy was the country which gave the law to the world. We know in New York that it was against the law to sell beer and liquor from the saloons on Sunday, and yet we saw people go in with the empty pails and come out with them filled. We ask, 'Why the policeman does not arrest the saloonkeeper?' We see he does not do his duty right. We learn it is all graft, that he does not do his duty but sticks to the dollar. And I not see what it is to admire in the law of America.

"The Italian because he not know the language, and can't earn much when he come, he have to take what the American give him. We have to take many times very bad tenement, or shack, which is put up by the American, and very much dirt in the street. The city does not come and clean our street as often as it does the street of the rich American, it does not come to collect the garbage so often. We do not have so many police to protect from the thieves. We hear that it is because the immigrant has got no vote, and therefore no political influence, is worth nothing to the police.

"I go about the streets to find the great history, to feel the great emotion for all that is noble in America. I do not see how the people can think to compare the American city with the beauty of Rome, or Venice, or Naples. Even in big city like New York I do not find much monuments to the great deeds, to the great heroes and the great artists. I was deeply surprised not to find the fountains. I do not find the great art, to compare with the art of Italy, and I miss the music. I speak to a man about the music. I ask him, 'Do you play Il Trovatore, Rigoletto'? He do not know anything about it, and he say, 'What you think, the American interested in the music? No. He interested to earn the dollar.' And I feel bad. I think the only God in America is the God of the dollar. I say to my father, I wish to go back to Italy.

"But one day I see very, very big building. My mind is struck. With all I have seen in Italy, in Rome, in Venice, in Genoa, in Milano, in Florence, in Naples—I have never seen anything like that! I say, 'There is the thing American. It is a giant!' Another day I come to the statue of George Washington. I was surprised Oh, a monument, I said to me I like George Washington a little bit, and I find I like the statue. Another day I see a statue of Columbus, placed in such a beautiful square to look across Central Park, and I see the American feel a little bit toward the Italian Then I find the statue of Garibaldi and I know that the Italian is honored by the American and I feel proud to be Italian. And one day I find the statue of Verdi!

"When I saw the great Italian master, I was very happy. I think the American not mean to be fresh, but kind. I look in the paper and I find the name of artist from my own town in Italy and he is to sing at the Metropolitan opera. When I read the name I express myself to go to the opera. When I know the price, $1.50 standing, it was a little too dear, because I do not make much, but I sacrifice myself and I go When I saw the Metropolitan outside, I had a terrible impression. Is this the leading opera house of America? Even in my small town in Italy it is better. And I do not like the scenery. I was surprised that the scenery was not so extra. But then I hear the great artists. It is the first time that I hear Caruso. I cannot express my wonderful feeling, my beautiful admiration. I say the scenery is better, and I go often to hear the great artists, and they sing in my own language, and I feel like I am in Italy. And always for the Italian opera there are great crowds of the Americans, so that I see the Americans love the art of the Italians, and when they love the art of a people they love the people.

"Then come a great day America go into the war I look into the sky and I say, God bless America, that she is on the side of the Allies. I say, Now Americans and Italians stand shoulder to shoulder, and Italians will interest themselves to understand Americans, and Americans will interest themselves to understand Italians. I saw Italians in American uniforms, and I have very pleasant feeling toward America, a new pride, new loyalty. And I feel like I will honor America, too, and fight for America. I make my registration, and I take my physical examination, but I am not called. I speak to my country men at their public meetings. I say to them, My dear brothers and sisters, when you fight for America, it is just the same you fight for Italy. This war will make a better understanding between Americans and Italians, to love each another. I never forget to speak about George Washington, and Jefferson, and Lincoln, and Roosevelt, and Wilson. I say, Italians are poor, but they are first-class race, they are a clean race When an Italian get out, he wash his face in the morning. Now they don't treat Italian no more like the second class, they don't call no more 'Guinea,' they don't call no more 'Wop,' no more 'Dago.'

"I go to day clubs, to settlement houses, but I not feel at home because everyone speak always the English and there was no one to give you a little encouragement. They don't give you the good welcome, they speak like you feel to go home again. I hear about the night school, and I say, Well, I had a chance to go, it is never too late, I want to go.

"When I went to night school, I had a good impression to me. The teacher treat everyone just the same. The Jew just the same the Chinaman, and the Chinaman just the same the Italian. This was a wonderful impression. When I saw the Principal of the school, he look to me like Italian nobleman, the way he hold his eyeglasses. I went to this school just because I like the Principal. He give it to me welcome like I was an American. I learn little English, and about the American government, and how the people can make change and progress by legislation without the force of revolution, and I like very much this idea. The teacher told me why not to become an American?

"Then something happen The teacher say something what I interpret to be against Italy. She ask, 'If you going to make fortune, what you going to do with it?' Someone says, 'Put it in the bank and leave it at interest'; other one says, 'I will buy nice house Riverside Drive'; another says, 'I invest my money in Wall Street,' and another says, 'If I make fortune, I will go back to my beautiful Italy.' The teacher says, 'That is what all

Uncle Sam's Sayings

TO THE FOREIGN BORN

YOU say America does not understand you. She just makes you work and work. She does not know your native country. She does not know the stock from which you come. She does not know your great men, your ideals. Is this not partly your fault? Who can tell that story best? Who can show us the way, help us to understand? How can you tell us the best of your race? In your foreign tongue? No, we cannot understand. How can you stand up for what you believe? In your native tongue? No, we cannot understand.

America is a democracy. America wants to listen to you. She wants to know what you think, how you feel, what you hope to be. America is you. Speak. Tell your story so that Americans understand. Tell your story in English so that America knows and there can be no mistake

Learn English.

A P

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Italians do; Italy is a very poor country.'

"I got excite. I say to the teacher, I beg your pardon, I am deeply surprised how a teacher can judge Italy so poor. It seems to me you don't know anything about Italy. It is not a way to judge a country so poor like that. This is a very poor expression for a teacher. Italy existed and was a glorious country before America was discovered. Italy has given three civilizations to the world, she has given law, she has given mathematica and navigation. The compass was discovered by an Italian. She has given music, and painting and sculpture. She has given religion. It has two histories, the history of Italy and the history of Rome. It is a country you never can finish, it has so big history. You cannot look down on Italy. Italy has discovered other countries, but you cannot discover Italy!

"IF one speak against your mother, how you feel? Do you feel good? No. You feel bad. Italy is my birthplace, and my heart never can change not to love Italy. I say to the teacher, Listen to me. You fight so much for the naturalization. All right. I am not disagree with you that to become an American it is good, but this is not the way to work to get the people to become American. I become a good American only if the desire is to work in my heart without any compulsion. While I am in America my right hand is for America, but my left hand is for Italy. I think I love America just the same if my heart is Italian through and through. It is impossible for me to say I do not love Italy. When you play the 'Star Spangled Banner' I take my hat off, and when you play the 'Marsellaise Hymn'—but what's the matter with the Italian hymn also? If you do not want to play the Italian Royal Hymn, why not play the Garibaldi Hymn? I was jealous when I see the American love so much the French. It looks like the only country in Europe is France that has the love of America. They speak about the Abraham Lincoln, and Tolstoi, and Lafayette, but why not to speak about Sonnino and Salandra, and Orlando and Luzzatti? When they speak about Napoleon Bonaparte, why not to tell that he was born of Italian mother and Italian father? Why not speak about Caesar, about Marco Aurelio, about Mazzini, and Cavour, who was the first to propose the League of Nations, about Virgil, Cicerone, Horazio, Scipione and Giovanni Bovio? Why not to speak about Leonardo da Vinci, the greatest Italian painter, who was the first to try the invention of the flying machine? Why not to speak that Marconi who gave the wireless was Italian, why not to tell about the great music of Italy, the great drama? Why to forget the great Salvini, the world's greatest 'Hamlet'? When they speak of the great buildings of New York, and the subways and the tunnels, and America's engineering feats, why not to mention that the basis of all engineering, international, is the work of the great Italian engineer Vagnazzi, and why not to tell that it was the honesty and dependency of the Italian working man that did the labor? When the Italian workman go somewhere he is received with arms open because he always produce something nice, he is honest on the job, you can trust him, and if you show him once, the next time he can make it without anybody telling him. And why not to talk about Columbus, who discovered America, that he was an Italian?

> "AMERICA look like a blessed country, and my heart develop great sentiment for the Americano.
>
> I arrive in New York.
>
> You think I find here my idea?"

"If I can do anything for America, I do. But if you say anything against Italy, it is natural that I do not feel good. If anyone talk against your parents, what you going to say? If you try convince me your parents are better than my parents, you have a hard job. If I say I do not feel bad, I am not a good Italian, and if I am not a good Italian, I never become a good American. And so I take my hat and walk out from the school.

"ANOTHER day something happen. I meet American lady. I talk to her about Italy, and about America. She understand, she sympathize. It is maybe the first time that I talk with a through-and-through American lady who do not treat me like second class. I know how to stay in society. I never offend the reputation of anyone. When I speak to a man, I speak to a man, but when I speak to a girl, I speak to a girl. I never forget the Italian chivalry. We talk about the drama, the music, the art, the history, the life. She appreciate me. Especially she appreciate that I am not so ignorant, simply because I not speak well the English. It give me very good impression. I think many people live the whole life to find the understanding, the appreciation. She advise that I go back to the school, she explain that maybe I misunderstand, misinterpret, and I remember that many time the American misunderstand, misinterpret the Italian. So I go back. The Principal he receive me very cordial. When he see me he say, 'My old friend.' This make me happy because he is a Principal and I am only a worker. He speak to me like a father. He say, 'That is all a misunderstanding, now don't you mind anything.' And one time he speak to me again that it is good to become American citizen.

"I say, How can I become American when I am Italian through and through? I cannot become mechanical like the American. The American work all the time for the dollar. The Italian love sometime to have the leisure, he love the art, he love the music. The Principal tell to me that I do not have to change myself to become an American. He say he do not feel any righteous call to make somebody else just like him. He explain there is not one mold in which to make American, there is not one formula, but there are just so many formulas of American as there are Americans, that there are 110,000,000 formulas of American. He say to be good American is to be the best Italian there is in me. He make out that I misunderstand the American, he is not working only for the pleasure of the dollar, he is working for the pleasure of the achievement.

"I have good impression to become an American. But I do not become American, because I think always of the grandeur of the Italy civilization of the past. What has America? Art? Nothing. History? Nothing. No great traditions, nothing old to look up to, nothing ancient to revere. Then something else happen. It happen—what you call that?—I fall in love! Then I do not wish at all to go back to Italy. I think to take a wife. A man must situate himself. I think about many things, but I think especially about the future. Everything begin to look different. I have not think much about the future before, I have think about the past. Maybe I have a son, it is the future that is for him. America is to be his country. What is the past? It is gone. The future is to come, and I think that when my son shall live I wish it to be some great time. For the future I cannot see so much Italy as America. The grandeur of the Italian cities, Venice, Genoa, Florence, Naples, held Italy in the world's highest place for nearly one thousand years. But the world continue. It go on. Now comes the great day for America, the great financial, the great mercantile power, and I think with that the great science, the great art, the great letters. Why to live always in the memory of past grandeur? They were only men. I am a man, and my son will be a man. Why not live to be somebody ourselves, in a nation more great than any nation before, and my son perhaps the greatest of any great man?

"And I see the big work to build the future, I see the necessity to learn the English, to become the citizen to take part in the political life, to work to create the better understanding between the races that they come to love each another, to work for better conditions in industry, for health and safety and prosperity, to work for the progress in science, for the better government, and for the higher morality—and it become more pleasure to work than to take the leisure. Suddenly it looks to me like that is the American, that is what the American is always to do, always to work for the achievement. It come to me, like I am born—I am American!"

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FATHER Francis P. Duffy of the Rainbow Division was the most famous of the combat chaplains of the A. E. F. His views on the religion our Army found in France are based on months of battle-line experience with a division that was fighting almost continuously from March, 1918, until the armistice

THE RELIGION OUR SOLDIERS BROUGHT BACK TO US

By Frank Ward O'Malley

ACROSS the Christmas snows of the land which once claimed as patron the gentle Santa's prototype, good St. Nicholas —perhaps impudently claims him still —tramped the feet of a mighty throng on the morning of the great Christian festal day last winter. Jew and Gentile in the army olive-drab of America, groups of thoughtful townsmen of Coblenz, Catholic priests wearing the uniform of France, an American Protestant bishop and his clerical assistants, secretaries and "entertainers" from the ranks of the Y. M. C. A., army officers and enlisted men of many religions, of no religion, all devoutly entered a Catholic church of Coblenz to hear Mass.

At an earlier hour an American army band had, at the request of an American Jesuit, Chaplain Dunigan, brassily crashed forth stirring "gospel hymns" through the streets of Coblenz, luring onward Christian soldiers (soldiers and civilians, all Christians for the day, at least) straight toward the big church door. When the last belated straggler had entered the church a former chaplain in the German army, born in Poland, came from the sacristy and began the Mass, whereupon the American Jesuit entered the sanctuary and knelt in

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prayer just as a Y. M. C. A. secretary, who was a Protestant clergyman, struck the first notes of the music of the Mass on the big organ. Quavering, childish voices were lifted in song, the choir consisting of forty little German war orphans whose fathers had died for the Fatherland. Catholic lads wearing the American uniform drew forth their rosary beads, and their lips moved in silent prayer; their buddies of other faiths, Protestant and Jew, prayed on with them, each in his own way, until the end, carefully following the lead of their Catholic brothers the while in the matter of when to kneel, to sit, to stand, until at the end of the Mass the last "Hail Mary" had been said. Then a non-Catholic prelate, the Right Rev. Bishop Brent, spiritual head of a great Protestant diocese in America and Chaplain-in-Chief of the A. E. F., mounted to the pulpit, delivered a post-communion address and pronounced the benediction. And as the congregation filed out of the edifice a civilian group, men and women of Coblenz, lifted guttural voices in the thunders of "Ein Feste Burg Ist Unser Gott"—sang their way out of a Christmas Mass in a Roman Catholic church to the rhythmic dynamics of the hymn of Martin Luther.

No Christmas service like that was celebrated here, back home. Nor could so catholic a Catholic service have been held in the American army anywhere until the most horrific war of all time had brought about at least a certain spiritual unanimity among a host of men, all still holding tenaciously to their dogmatic beliefs (or disbeliefs) but unanimous on this snowy Christmas morning in their approval of a form of worship.

How much of that homogeneity of spirit, in at least the forms of worship, would the Americans in that particular congregation, together with the hundreds of thousands of their fighting brothers of like spiritual broadening, carry ashore from the returning transports to the villages, the cities, especially to the churches, of the United States? Had there been a real religious awakening in the hearts of care-free American youth when suddenly it found itself living perforce with death? What had the great war done spiritually, ethically, to and for Privates J. Wesley Snyder, Milton Rosenbloom, Ignatius Loyola Finnigan, and will the result make for importance in any big phase of American life now that he is "back home" again? And who had the answer?

The thought came to mind that up in that far-spreading city of itself, in the northern end of New York City—the Bronx—they have a saying, when knotty civic or moral questions refuse to untangle, "Let's talk it over with Father Duffy." Certainly!—Father Duffy, a keen mind exceptionally trained and broadened; the adored chaplain of a regiment that had sailed for France more than ninety per cent. Roman Catholic; foremost among chaplains of an immortal army division that was chiefly Protestant; a Catholic priest who, all through the fighting that won for him the *Croix de Guerre,* trusted his equipment for saying Mass solely and always to a Jewish doughboy; a shepherd in a faith wherein the sacrament of penance offered exceptional opportunity for the study of the naked souls of his flock as the lads of his own religion (and often non-Catholics, too) knelt in confession and, facing death then or a moment later, opened their hearts to him pitilessly.

I found Father Duffy in his rectory. It is worth while noting, incidentally, that his own house is a humble little frame dwelling of the sort that an industrious workman might occupy, whereas his "house" for the worship of God next door reaches heavenward in lines of simple beauty. . . .

"Questions of the religious effects of the war upon our soldiers," Chaplain Duffy began, "and the broadening that is hoped for throughout our country when the army has all come home, are matters which just now, I realize, are occupying the minds of thousands of thoughtful Americans, and if you go back of the questions themselves you will find that the questioners are people who have some, maybe much, religious training and now are sick of the pietistic side of religion. They look upon the soldier's religion as something different from the kind taught in the churches. They say, and fervently hope, that 'the soldiers will come home and reform the churches.' Well, that depends upon the kind of religion the church gives out. I am one with the questioners in the hope that the returned army will help toward sounding a note of increased virility in American churches. I have an idea that in this day and generation women, as well as men, want less confectionery in their religion. It seems to be a fact that we have in our churches too much of petty, pietistic hymns, sweet preaching, the minor-poetic religious sort of thing. And *that* kind of religion," cried the battling ethical leader of the two-fisted "Old Sixty-ninth" scrappers, "has no place in an army. For that matter it has no place here at home.

"Man, not humanity in general but the regular he man, does want religion, but he refuses the minor-poetic kind so frequently offered. I've never met a sick or wounded man in a hospital or dressing station, in this war or during our war with Spain years ago, who didn't want some prayer said, even when, as sometimes happened in my own experiences, the man was a professed atheist.

"In France the presence of death beside our boys and men had, of course, much to do with awakening the spiritual nature that is a part of man. Again, the soldier often 'came back' morally because the army so frequently gave him a new start in life by suddenly freeing him from old entanglements in his home town—from the girl who was no good to him, the corner saloon and its gang, from all-night efforts to fill bobtail flushes, from the pettiness of it all. Furthermore, religion gained because war makes a man thoughtful. Army life included also two excellent correctives of moral laxness, the two being discipline and very hard work. But as to whether or not the good that was done for and by the men abroad will make for noticeable improvements here at home—well,

Uncle Sam's Sayings

TO THE TEACHERS OF AMERICA

TO you is given a great opportunity to serve America.

Race-old notions, ancient traditions, personal opinions, have been burnt out. They are gone and they will never come back in the old form. The "Boys" have come home. They are not the same boys that went away. We are not the same folk that sent them away. Things that alter men's souls have come to all of us. We must find our way along new paths. We need the ideals of our land to strengthen and lead us—to keep us true to the sacred traditions of the land founded by the people and for the people.

The soap-box man is abroad in the land. He is loud, picturesque, impressive.

The teacher is quiet and strong and impelling.

It is the teacher's desk against the soap box. The teacher must see that American ideals lead the world away from the horror and havoc of war, away from the vague threatenings of unrest, to the sanity and serenity of peace.

You must renew your faith, you must reconsecrate yourself; live America, think America, teach America.

A. P.

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before we go into that big question let's talk for a while about the spiritual things that were done for, and especially *by*, our American boys in Europe. The concrete human animal, you know," Chaplain Duffy interpolated smilingly, "is always a deuce of a sight more interesting than the most tremendous abstraction."

IN telling of some of the things that had been done for the men he spoke briefly of the army chaplain as he had seen him. In his own division, the Rainbow, he had been one of more than a score of chaplains, seven of whom were Catholic priests, four Episcopal clergymen and a dozen more army clerics that included visiting rabbis and ministers of the Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and other leading denominations of the States. Despite their widely dissenting dogmatic views, however, they voted unanimously in approval of every important question that came up at the meetings which the chaplains of the division held every few weeks. They stuck as firmly to their dogmatic beliefs as they had at home, but were in perfect harmony in everything else; still remaining rabbi or priest or minister in all that the words imply, but each trying night and day to supply the religious needs of all the men, regardless of what the soldier's creed might be. Chaplains of contradictory doctrinal views were by choice close traveling companions. They estimated the personal worth of one another solely as the officer or enlisted man estimated them, by the personal test. "What's your chaplain's religion, Bill?" "Well, you can search me, bo—all I know is that he sure is one hell of a regular guy." And the uniformed parson and priest came out of it all with the proud realization that the army chaplain in the great war had advanced to heights never reached by his brethren before.

"How do you creed-bound chaplains get on together, Father?" was the jovial question put to Father Duffy by Bishop Brent one day when the Protestant bishop was visiting the Rainbow Division in France.

"I'm ashamed to say, Bishop," laughed Father Duffy, "we get on together so well that it's positively a scandal to pious minds."

Side by side in the storm-swept vineyard of the Lord the American chaplains gathered the harvest before the tempest had beaten the bloom off it. Morally lucky was the American soldier in that the storm was comparatively brief. It is the belief of Father Duffy and his co-workers that if the war had lasted many months longer, much of the religious ground that had been attained might have been lost. From talks which the New York chaplain had with British, French and Belgian chaplains he earned that four years of warfare often had undone much of the good accomplished in the first year of the "fresh start in life." As the war waged on from year to year the European soldier began to lose the thoughtfulness that had accompanied the first shocks of great danger; new "gangs" had come into being within his company or regiment; he had learned new immoralities, often was leaning toward religious indifference and heading along the broad paths that lure onward so invitingly in the army life of "the old soldier."

The American boy won his race to the Rhine before he had become morally winded. After the signing of the armistice there was, it is true, a "sort of 'sailor-ashore' reaction," as Chaplain Duffy put it, what with the passing of the sense of constant danger, increased idleness and the temptations a town in time of peace offers to the army man; but the let-up was sporadic and slight.

"In speaking of the kind, or qualities, of religion we found in the American soldiers, or of some of their particular moral sides, let me say first," explained Father Duffy, "that I can speak only of conditions in combat divisions, although much of what I have to say applies, no doubt, to army conditions back of the lines. But my syntheses are predicated on what I know of the soldier in the field, cut off from his old habits of civil life, almost always in the presence of sudden death, so dog tired at the end of each of his stupendous tasks that sleep alone was alluring. With these lads in mind, let me say that the fundamental thing in a man's religion (his religion in the sense of his attitude toward God, not his attitude toward forms of worship) is altogether what his mother taught him, what he learned as a boy. For if he came to the front line trenches from the home of a mother who had taught him nothing, he had next to nothing to fall back upon spiritually. Religious training in youth—ask any army chaplain—was so potent in developing in the soldier a proper attitude toward God that nothing else could take the place of it, no experience, not even the most awful war in this sad old earth's history."

TO a foreign land that was bubbling with "the bottled laughter of the peasant girls of France" went the men of the Rainbow Division straight (more or less) from Camp Mills, Long Island, where the man in uniform had been forbidden to drink even the relatively innocuous bottled laughter of the peasant girls of Milwaukee. Nevertheless in the new land, where prohibition was incomprehensible, the chaplains soon noted a marked decrease in the vice that gives the army chaplain much heartache—drunkenness. There was less drunkenness in France "by far" among the men than there had been at Camp Mills, on the authoritative word of Chaplain Duffy, who offered two reasons for the improvement—hard work and no whiskey. It must not be thought, however, that the chaplain attributed the ethical and religious awakening, or reawakening, of the American boys abroad altogether to so negative a virtue as lack of opportunity. There was positive moral and religious progress, beginning with a thoughtfulness that led from a belief in the good of right living to fervent attempts at right living. And there was the soldier sense of solidarity to help in the upward urge.

"I've read articles since coming home," said the chaplain, "by writers who insisted that the sense of solidarity among soldiers, the 'all-together-for-the-big-cause' idea, had resulted in resentment or indifference on the soldier's part to sermons or teachings having to do with the salvation of the individual. The statement is only partly true. My own experience with thousands of men at the front proved to me that the sense of solidarity always present in an army went far as a motive for religion and for the things which concern religion—brotherly love, say, or altruism. And to assert that the element of personal salvation (as has been said) is excluded by the soldier from his religion is entirely unwarranted. We live in crowds, yes—but every man does his dying himself.

"WHAT the soldier did not want was to be preached to about religious fear, about damnation. The American lad resents the suggestion that he is afraid, even of hell fire and soul destruction. In a vague way he thinks there is something yellow implied, just as I have come across many a soldier lad who, scorning yellowness as only our boys scorn it, would not brook repentance, even in his secret heart, until after he had come successfully from great danger; in moments when seemingly he was about to meet certain and violent death he had thought it yellow to ask God to forgive his sins, inasmuch as he had not asked Him for forgiveness in hours of personal safety. But once the great danger had passed, leaving him bodily safe—and having satisfied the point of honor with himself—he would throw himself at the feet of Jesus and ask to be forgiven. Perhaps," commented the priest after a thoughtful moment, a faint glint of humor showing in his Irish eyes—"well, perhaps the lad's spiritual process was not good theology. But the instinct was decent. Somehow I think his God looked down upon him with gentle eyes and said, 'He's not a bad lad, after all.' And that kind of man or boy, I found, arose from his knees to line up with his church again, whatever that church happened to be, and remained in line thereafter.

"Ah, they were great lads, those American boys of ours!"—and the chaplain paid the tribute as if his mind were thousands of miles away, his face alight with a half smile that was wistfully reminiscent. "They wanted no preaching on hell or damnation from me or anyone else, but I could damn their faults to their faces, up hill and down dale, and they took the wallops heartily. Jew, Gentile or nothing at all, they liked it—if it were not overdone; just so long as they were not unfairly urged toward impossible standards. All they asked for was the type of devotions, the spiritual help and the kind of sermons that appeal to men everywhere; straight talks on religion that were free from speculation or overrefinement of thought, sermons on the virtues belonging to their condition in life, on courage, manliness, honesty, decent brotherly (*Continued on Page* 78)

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"They hold a council, and then though it be nightfall, they begin the attack"

You Can't Kill It—

THE HOMING INSTINCT OF WOMEN

It is reappearing in the war ruins like little blossoms that push their way up through snow

By Ida M. Tarbell

Illustrated by Denman Fink

IN the ghastly ruins of northern France there is at work to-day a force stronger than the brutal, stupid power that caused them. It is the courage of men and women—their indomitable will to keep the homes they have made and from which war drove them. One travels by these shattered homes hour after hour, mile upon mile, north and south, east and west. There are scores of villages where every house is disemboweled; there are regions where not a town is standing; there are spots where one would not know a town had ever stood if someone had not written, for instance, "This was Bonheurville." And yet it is safe to say that there is not now one of these spots to which men and women have not returned or are returning as rapidly as the authorities allow.

Since the days in November when it was known that the armistice had been signed they have been coming from their places of refuge—Paris, Bordeaux, Brittany, Belgium, Switzerland—all through December, January, February and March they came. No distance was too great—no deprivation was too severe; the homing instinct had called and they answered

For hundreds of them it meant long distances on foot, loaded down with what little they had saved or picked up en route It meant charity for food, for

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warmth, for care if their strength failed or the child fell ill. Rarely they had any shelter better than a hastily arranged spot in some ruined house. As they came nearer home often it meant sleeping in fields.

Artists and writers have wrung our hearts with their imaginary pictures of these home comings. All that they tell us is no doubt in the hearts of these people—more, perhaps. But if you could be with them when they first stand before the pitiful remains of the place they call home, you would see no tears, no despair; man, woman, child—they walk silently, gravely through the ruins, find their own spot, if it is to be found, look over their possessions, hold a council as to what is the best place to start and although it may be nightfall, begin the attack.

"COME on," I heard a man call. "We must sleep here to-night." After some tapping of walls and of what was left of the roof he had found a room he thought to be safe. In an hour he had made a sufficient hole in the discouraging debris, which covered the floor for two or three feet, for the family to huddle in. They did it cheerfully. This is no imaginary story. It is something I saw with my own eyes.

Out of these courageous attacks on apparently hopeless conditions, living places are swiftly coming in the devastated regions of France. It takes some experience in ruins to find the places. You must know the signs, as a woodsman does—a break in the high piled debris at the side of the street, a path over it, tracks in the brick dust, a window fitted with paper, a shell hole stuffed with straw, a patch of corrugated iron over what had been a tiled roof or cemented wall, and oftenest of all, from rear or side of cellar a wreath of pale blue smoke. It beckons you like a finger. And such curious conductors it comes from; broken kitchen chimneys, lengths of iron pipe of all sizes, joints of chipped tile—everything except good honest stove pipe.

Coming through Lens, once a thrifty industrial city of 23,000 inhabitants, now little better than a heap of stone and brick, I saw the wreath of smoke coming from what looked like a formless dust heap. I stopped and at once caught the trail. A neat little cinder path made its way through the debris to a high gate of rough boards and old wire netting. The path ran the length of what had once been a large and comfortable dwelling house, and ended in the inevitable garden behind. A bit of ground had been cleared and spaded. A one-room barrack was going up, a crazy-quilt barrack made up of all kinds of boards, everything that a man could get his hands on. It was not from there the smoke came. A flame caught my eye, and through an open door leading down into a cellar room, I saw a corner fireplace where old boards blazed. On the hearth was a covered pot. At the side a tiny table was set for four. There was an improvised wooden bunk in the corner. Clothes and utensils hung on the walls. In the middle of the floor on the one chair sat a woman darning a sock. I can never begin to tell the steadiness that sock gave to my mind, tortured and reeling from days in the ruins.

The woman saw me and came out smiling. A child ran to her from behind the barrack, a pretty child. "I am glad to see you," she said. "You will forgive us for not being very clean. You see, we have no soap in Lens as yet and if we have untidy hair, it is because we have no combs. But we are getting on. Look at the barrack my husband is building. Isn't it wonderful? It will be better for summer," she said, "than the cellar."

What it had cost this man and woman to make this living place, and what it has cost the hundreds of others who have established themselves in these towns, can only be understood by going from place to place and studying what they have done.

The first point, as I have said, is to appraise the ruin. Suppose they find that there is one wall left which is safe. Everything else is torn away, and with the boards which they are able to pull from the ruins or with the corrugated iron that they have collected from the battlefields, they construct a room. Suppose there is nothing left but the floor, up go the boards and iron from that. Sometimes a chimney is left, and nothing is more precious. The hut is then built around it. Where only the roof has been destroyed, or shell holes have been made in the walls, they count themselves fortunate, for then they can patch up with boards or iron. The ingenuity they use in constructing these shelters is a constant source of wonder to the sightseer—wonder and joy, for if they can do this, there is hope for the devastated regions.

IT may sound unlikely, but it is true that I have seen scores of these improvised shelters that had a certain style to them. They had managed to make the line right, to put a little bracket over the door, to run a roof down so as to make an outside open room, to set in latticed windows.

And when the shelter is furnished and is really waterproof (though I am afraid that is rare) they are so proud of it. "Come and see my Chateau au Grand Air," a woman invited me. It surely was that, for not only the air but the rain and snow found many a loop hole. "But it is good for the health," she said. "See how rosy we all are." And they were!

Now, these places are built, as I have said, with materials which either have been pulled from the ruins or gathered from the battlefields. Indeed, excavating ruins and exploring dry trenches, shell holes and salvage dumps has been the chief trade of scores of those who have returned. They have plied it diligently, for from it was their only hope of quickly getting what they needed to work with—not only materials, but tools.

When the Germans left northern France, they left behind no hammers, nails, saws. So those making shelters had to find or improvise tools. I was told that for a long time the people in Lens (there are between two and three hundred of them now) had only one hand-saw which was lent out by the hour.

Furnishing the shelter is as much a problem as building it. Few of them have been able to save any of their household effects, or—even if they saved them—to get them back home. In many parts of the country the towns are distant from the railroads, even in peace times. Until very recently not even the main lines have been open. If the people were to have their effects, they would be obliged to carry them on their backs or else in hand carts—unless, indeed, some kindly army camion driver gave them help. One cannot say too much as a rule for the kindness of camion drivers to these poor souls, for rarely do you meet a driver on the road who does not give all available space to the refugees and their belongings.

THE first necessity is a bed. The Germans did not leave a mattress in the devastated regions, and I think they must have burned all the bedsteads. A bedstead, however, is not so difficult. You can make a perfectly usable one if you have planks and nails. Sometimes one is able to find a footboard or a headpiece or a sideboard in a ruined house. This is always shown with pride. Springs are rare. One woman showed me a set that she had made. She had searched the ruins for fragments, picking up here and there a spiral. Then she had carefully unwound a wire from a piece of camouflage netting. "And, look, Madame, they are almost as good as new." The beds are usually straw or seaweed filled ticks, the ticks often made from bagging. Blankets and bed linen they are beginning to receive in many districts from the Red Cross. These were on hand when the Armistice was signed, and are being wisely distributed directly or through French or American committees working in the districts.

After the bed, the stove ranks next in importance, and then the *batterie de cuisine*. It is incredible that there should be left in all this pillaged district so few cooking utensils and so little cutlery. Part of the business of the return thus becomes a search for something to cook in or to eat from. Where there are trenches near the village the pewter or tin dishes furnished to the soldiers are often found. I remember a cheerful soul who lived with a neighbor in one room, that they had cleaned out and were trying to make habitable, who had nothing in the way of utensils but two pieces she had found in a trench. "I have boiled them in ashes and I think they are clean, but it does not matter, it is all I have and I am glad to have them."

This woman's masterpiece was the floor. The walls and ceiling of the room were standing, but a shell had broken the tiled floor to pieces. The restoration was made of two plaques of what had once been an iron stove, and of scraps of board and slate. She said,

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"In the middle of the floor on the one chair sat a woman darning a sock. I never can begin to tell the steadiness that sock gave to my mind"

"It is not very firm, but it is dryer than the dirt."

In this furnishing they are always trying to give some touch of decoration. A white-faced man, a master carpenter who had put his shot-wrecked house in fairly good condition, pointed with great pride to the little lace curtains that his wife had put across the window. There was no glass in the window, of course; there is no glass in northern France, as yet. "We are glad to have the curtains up," he said. "It makes it gay, don't it?" Sometimes a picture has been saved, sometimes a crucifix, and always you find it in place. Again and again I have seen a shell case polished up and filled with flowers. That is, they have a passionate desire to give their shelter a touch of home.

And the garden. I never so heartily thanked God for the garden as in going through these shattered and heart-breaking towns. As yet, there is no regular work, for the industries have all been destroyed. Everywhere the men and women are recognizing the necessity of raising what they can. As soon as the weather permitted in the cold, wet spring, they began cleaning bits of

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Hundreds of them loaded down with what little they had saved.

ground and enclosing it. Very often they use camouflage fences. Thousands upon thousands of yards of new roadside camouflage still lie in the battle-swept areas of last fall and almost every returned refugee has stored away a roll for possible use. It makes excellent garden walls, as well as good shades for windows and screens for doors.

The garden is difficult to prepare, for in many places they have no garden tools. But they improvise them. They walk miles for seeds. The various committees that are working so faithfully to help them early recognized that this was one of the means of salvation. Nowhere did I find that seeds could not be had by walking, but in most quarters there was an utter lack of tools.

As a rule, all trees have been destroyed, including the precious fruit trees, as also the vines and the flowers. Men and women walk miles across the country if they know that in the grounds of some abandoned chateau they may be able to secure a plant, a bunch of primroses, of daffodils, or anything that will give a little touch of old times to the plot they are trying to cultivate. When a garden has been spared it becomes a supply for the neighborhood.

Another thing the garden does is to give the owner a chance, when you visit her, to offer you something. This offering the visitor something is almost universal in France. There is no chance now for the *petit verre*, or the cup of tea, or the little cake, but if there are primroses and you admire them, they can offer them.

A woman of sixty whom I ran across in the Somme and who had nothing left but her garden, seeing me admire her daffodils, hastened to bring me a great bunch. It brought tears to my eyes to see her take out the one precious piece of newspaper she had to wrap them up. No one who has not gone up and down this land can realize what this meant in generosity, for paper is the rarest of things. I saw one barrack room lined with wrinkled brown paper for which the owner had paid a franc a kilo and had walked fifteen miles and back to bring home. You see, everything, everything literally is precious, where everything, everything has been stripped away.

One hard side of the conditions that grows upon you as you travel is the absence of all animal life in the farming districts. There are no cows. In six days traveling I did not see a single cow, and I saw only two hens. They would be only a burden in the greater part of the region, for there is practically nothing on which to feed them. Wheat fodder can be secured, but must be saved for the occasional horse. A horse there, must be used to plow and harrow. The dogs are practically all gone, though in and around Cambrai and Valenciennes one does see dachschunds. I found it hard not to drive them from me, an impulse I do not recollect ever having had before for anything on four legs.

As soon as a shelter is secured and furnished and the garden started, the family take breath and try to re-establish their regular habits. They usually begin by cleaning themselves up! One day I went into a barrack where a family of seven children were being scrubbed, the first good scrubbing the mother said for which they had had soap since they arrived weeks before. A little girl of seven stood by the stove, the mother rubbing her down, and in a row at the side were three younger little ones, all of them glowing in immaculate cleanliness.

"Do you know what will happen tonight after they have had supper?" my conductor asked. "They will all sit around the stove and talk and sing, and before they go to bed they will say their prayers as they used to." Life has been re-established for them. To-morrow—it (*Continued on Page 75*)

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"This work has a peculiar fascination of its own, as well as an enormous educational value. Everybody in Reading agrees that it was great fun"

HOW A TOWN WOKE UP ONE MORNING AND HOW IT WENT TO BED

What it did that day any town can do

By Walter Prichard Eaton

THIS is simply the story of how a Massachusetts town, by arousing community enthusiasm, got a day's work each out of two thousand people and forty teams and motor trucks, and converted an eleven-acre dump, meadow, gravel pile and rickety barn into the beginnings of a fine playground and community recreation house.

The eleven acres of unpromising land were given to the town as a memorial park, but the town had no money with which to develop the property. In times past, this town, like so many others, had let slip opportunities to acquire proper parks and playgrounds, not reckoning on the congestion the future held. The need for a public playground at last became urgent. But after the gift of the land had been made and a park commission appointed, it was obvious that something drastic would have to be done if the gift were to be of any service, because the town lacked funds to expend on the proper development. A "community day" was suggested by Warren H. Manning, the landscape architect, who was a former resident of this town. It seemed the only solution, and, after the war-time organizing experiences of the Red Cross, the loan drives, and the like, it did not appear chimerical, as it might have done five years ago. At any rate, it was tried. Both the method and the results are of far more than local interest.

The town is Reading, and is a community nearly three hundred years old, some twelve miles north of Boston. Until twenty-five years ago, it retained much of its old-time quiet and partially rustic flavor, with a tree-shaded common, faced by simple and aged houses. There were extensive pine woods within half a mile of the center, and a dozen convenient play fields for the boys and girls. A public park was as needless then as it was unknown. Then the trolleys came, the town grew; it suffered from the usual unrestricted and unplanned "development"; the pine woods were cut off; the fields built upon; the pretty old tree-shaded village center converted into an arid and intolerably ugly mass of car tracks, of one-story tin-fronted stores, a "movie" facade, and the like. The people were not awake yet to save any of their pine woods for a park, nor to supervise their municipal architecture in order to maintain the charm of their village. In other words, they were an average, if not indeed a typical, community. Only lately have a public library and town office building been erected, both designed by local architects in the spirit of the purest Colonial—shaming the tin store fronts around them. Close to the center, eleven acres of poor land, much of it swampy, was given by the owners to meet the new crying need for a recreation park.

The present writer knew this land as a boy, wetting his feet there many times

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in pursuit of white violets. The bulk of it lies low but is level. At one side is, or was, a high, uncouth bank of exposed red gravel, and in the corner an old barn. When the writer heard that it had been given to the town for a playground, he wondered how many years would have to pass before it could be made fit for its new purposes. That was before the "community day," on the 19th of April, 1919. He saw it again in May, and now he wonders why so simple a method of getting something worth while done for a town has been so long in coming What Reading did that day any town can do, and the benefit is far more than material. Not only is a park—or what not—secured, but, better still, the personal interest in that park of every man, woman and child in the community is aroused as nothing else can make it. Thereafter the park is, in very truth, everybody's park.

The town of Reading numbers just about seven thousand people. On community day five thousand of them were at the new park, and of these five thousand, two thousand were active workers. At the going rate of three dollars a day for such labor (there were almost a hundred carpenters, masons and painters at a higher rate), here is the equivalent of six thousand dollars. Add to this forty teams and trucks, at six dollars a day, at least, and the expenses under private contract of several thousand trees and shrubs and plants (which were donated by those unable to work with their hands), as well as the cost of supervision and of the landscape architect's plans, plus a percentage of profit, and your total expenditure for the same results would be, in all probability, around the ten thousand dollar mark Ten thousand dollars is still a considerable sum for any town of less than ten thousand people to appropriate for the development of a playground, especially an average community without exceptional taxable wealth. Reading did not appropriate it—it contributed it, in the form, chiefly, of cheerful, good-natured labor. It woke up on Patriots' Day with a pathless meadow and a gravel bank on its hands; it went to bed, stiff and tired, with the sound beginnings of a developed play field. And it purposes to finish the job.

All this is not quite so simple as it sounds, to be sure, but after all, it is simple enough if the will is there. Two preliminary steps are, of course, essential—there must be a definite, well-worked-out plan of the work to be done, made in advance and thoroughly grasped in all its details by the man or woman who is to be the commander-in-chief, as it were, when the community day comes around. And, for a considerable time in advance of the day, there must be copious and thorough publicity, so that every man, woman and child in the community knows what is going to take place and, if possible, is made to feel that the success of the venture means a feather in his town's cap. Reading was, of course, fortunate in having a landscape architect and skilled horticulturist to father the plan and to direct the work. She was also fortunate in having an architect and ardent believer in civic beauty as secretary of her park commission. But this is, after all, only saying that she was able to use for the good of the community her skilled workers, as every town should be. The publicity was secured through the co-operation of the local paper, through the Boston dailies, which found in the plan something of a novel news interest, and through a "tag day" conducted by the Boy and Girl Scouts, to raise money to feed the workers at the noon hour. These youngsters left nobody unaware of what was afoot, and raised almost a thousand dollars, in sums from ten cents up. It is said that nobody refused to contribute something. In addition, a large committee of women, in a house to house canvass, secured additional food and promises of labor, and a circular letter, explaining the plan, was sent to every family in town. The postmaster, too, had a special stamp for all letters.

"Gangs of workers were assigned to each foreman, according to his the labor, perhaps, was skilled, and not all of it could shovel gravel

After the plans were drawn for the park, and for the transformation of the old barn into a recreation house, with a stage at one end, committees were appointed to take definite charge of the va-

SOME WORTH

IN our October Number, Margaret Deland will tell of her schooling—the kind of education that she received as a girl. It sounds archaic—her tale of education. But read it. It is a milestone—for you can see from it just how far we have travelled educationally. Willa Sibert Cather will tell the great influence the prairie schools have had in the farming communities of the West. There the schools are the centre of the community life. To an Easterner, this use of the schoolhouse in the life of the town is undeveloped. Ellis Parker

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needs, and they swarmed out upon the fields and set to work. Not all into a team for eight hours,. But it was all willing and enthusiastic."

rious activities, and a gang of foremen were picked out, each one chosen for his fitness to supervise some special branch of work, such as grading, teaming, planting trees, shrubs, flowers, and so on. The women, of course, had charge of the dinner. The local company of the state guard were to act as police, and the Boy and Girl Scouts as messengers, to carry orders from general headquarters to all parts of the field. To insure tangible results, not chaos, from such an undertaking, organization is of course essential, and that means preliminary work. But, on the other hand, there are many to do this work, and it has a peculiar fascination of its own, as well as enormous educational value. Everybody in Reading agrees that it was "great fun."

When the morning of the holiday dawned, those in charge were optimistically predicting fifteen hundred workers. But they were not hopeful enough by five hundred. It was a long procession that marched at eight o'clock, behind a band and the carts and trucks, from the Common to the field, armed not with guns, but hoes, rakes, picks, shovels, hammers, saws. Even seven-year-old children were in line with toy wagons. Gangs of workers were assigned at once to each foreman, according to his needs, and they swarmed out upon the field and set to work. Not all the labor, perhaps, was skilled, and not all of it could shovel gravel into a team for eight hours. But it was all willing and enthusiastic. The carpenters, masons and painters, of course, went at the barn (for which some of the lumber, including ornamental trellises outside, had been framed in advance). The hardest work was to cut down the big gravel heap, both to reduce its unsightliness and secure fill for the walks and low places; and here the largest number of boys and younger men worked, loading the teams. It is interesting to any one who has had any experience in such matters, especially in a municipal job, to note that in the eight hours two hundred and sixty-four loads of loam, two hundred and forty-eight loads of gravel, fifty-eight loads of stone and twenty-four loads of rubbish—five hundred and ninety-four loads in all—were moved, which is almost sixteen trips per team! In addition, some teams also pulled stumps, brought into place a large memorial boulder inscribed with the names of the Reading boys who died in the War, and hauled shrubs and trees. That the day's work was not a mere picnic is fairly obvious.

Supplementing the memorial boulder, memorial trees were planted for each of the soldier dead, properly marked, along the main path. Other than these simple memorials, the park itself will be the reminder of their sacrifice. It will have a roomy ball field at one end for the larger boys. It will have an extensive "shrubbery," and perennial flower borders; it will have ample space for the games of smaller children, and in the converted barn a good-sized recreation house, with sanitary equipment and a stage. The stage was insisted upon by the play director whom the town has engaged (or the women of the town have engaged) for the summer, and marks a first step, perhaps, in the task which everywhere confronts us nowadays of organizing the children's own spontaneous dramatic imaginations against the blight of the lurid and mediocre motion pictures.

When the noon hour came on community day, the women's dinner committee, housed in a big tent, fed all the two thousand workers in a space of little more than an hour. By all accounts, it was a good dinner, too. A church supper often gathers all the people of that church together, but when you gather all the people of the whole town together, eating side by side, all hungry from the same labor for the general welfare, you have accomplished something rare and precious. When the four o'clock bugle blew, work stopped, and everybody gathered for an entertainment furnished by a circus performer who is a citizen of the town, and who gave up a week's vaudeville engagement to be present.

The work, of course, was not completed on that day. Even two thousand people cannot convert eleven acres of swamp and gravel bank into a finished

WHILE READING

Butler brings our childhood memories back to us in his "The First Day at School." And you will get a new idea of democracy—the growing democracy of America as the West is developing it in Anne Shannon Monroe's article "Two Wives and a Quart of Seed Wheat." Dr. Frank Crane will contribute a stimulating article and and one full of ideas on "The City of the Future." Perhaps you think you know something about how a city ought to progress. Read this article and you will learn much you never thought of.

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park in eight hours.' Some paths ended abruptly in the grass. The ball field was not leveled. Some ditches remained to fill. There were hills and hollows where they did not belong. But such a beginning had been made that everybody could see the plan, and would be eager to watch for its completion. The committee, however, thinking it wisest to rest on their initial success and not overtax so fickle a thing as crowd enthusiasm, and knowing, too, that many a back would be sore the next morning, many a palm blistered, had no intention of calling on the community for further effort until another spring came around. They proposed making Community Day an annual town institution.

But again they were not optimistic enough. It was not the initial movers of the scheme—not those men and women who, in every town, can always be relied upon to start civic movements—who demanded a speedy resumption of work. Instead, it was the factory hands, the carpenters, the laborers, the men who are usually too weary when night comes to bother much about civic movements that do not immediately concern them, who came to the committee and said: "Look here, this park isn't finished yet. We want to finish it, to see the job through. We want another work day."

The demand was so insistent that it had to be listened to, and, as they could work only on a holiday, the 17th of June (a holiday in the neighborhood of Bunker Hill!) was chosen by them as the best time for a second go at the park. On this second community day, or workers' day, only those were supposed to come who could actually toil at the hard labor of grading and mowing and ditching, or the skilled work inside the recreation house. In a way, the demand for this second day was a greater test of genuine enthusiasm than

> WHEN you gather all the people of a whole town together, eating side by side, all hungry from the same labor for the general welfare, you have accomplished something rare and precious.

the first, for it showed that the idea had really become like a personal possession to all classes, and they were willing, without any band or circus entertainment or ringing of church bells, to give up a holiday to the manual toil of improving further their community property.

How far Reading will move, after it has entirely completed its park, by means of its proposed annual community days, remains to be seen. There is already talk of improving the common in the town center (which sadly needs it), and from that is, perhaps, not a long step to a community realization of the social value of beauty and seemliness in town architecture and planning, and the superior rights of the community over the mere selfish whims of property owners in such matters. At any rate, what Reading has already accomplished shows that any town, if it wants some improvement hard enough, need not be kept from its desire by an empty town treasury. If the skilled and trained men of the community can be secured (as they generally can) to do the planning, the town, if properly enthused, can furnish the labor, and what results is far more than a mere physical improvement —it is a deepened consciousness of community interest, a greater spirit of friendliness, an increased optimism for the possibility of good works (and without such optimism the good works seldom come). Above all, perhaps, it is the achievement of some park or other civic possession which is not handed down from above, nor paid for casually and indirectly by painful taxes, but won by personal toil, and felt by every man and woman, boy and girl, as truly his or hers. Nothing that is bought, still less nothing that is given, can ever have quite the interest and value of something that is worked for and created by yourself. That is just as true of communities as of individuals. That is why the people of Reading now lead you, first of all, to see "our playground," looking upon it with the same pride and affection the gardener takes in his half-finished beds, which, to him, are rainbow-colored with promise. We think that Park is rainbow-colored with promise, too.

"Nothing that is bought, still less nothing that is given, can ever have quite the interest and value of something that is worked for and created by yourself."

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THE MARCH of the RED CROSS

A continued story of accomplishment; each month's chapter based on recent cables, letters, and reports of workers in many parts of the world

THE Red Cross today awaits a new mandate from the American people. Drawing to a close are all the tremendous activities for the American army and the French people which the war made necessary. The girls in the canteens at St. Nazaire and Brest are conscious of a beginning of the end of that mighty tide which has been flowing through, bound for America, ever since the armistice was signed. Even the enlisted men's hotels were closed in Paris the other day, with the exception of the tent city on the Champs de Mars which will be the last to go. The army is on its way home. The days of crowds of American soldiers sightseeing in Paris on three days' leave are over. On every homebound transport bands of Red Cross officers and workers are mixed in with the doughboys listening to "Home Sweet Home" as the transports pull out. The Red Cross is homeward bound, too.

With the exception of a few hospital huts at those hospitals like Nantes, where have been kept the wounded whom it was too dangerous to move, the vast hospital work is over among both the French and American armies. The twenty-two military hospitals are evacuated and in the Army of Occupation the medical corps again holds sway without the Red Cross. Along the promenades of the Riviera the khaki tide has ebbed and the convalescent homes and clubs are closing. Scattered and gone are all "Les Americaines" who listened to the Yankee "Jazz" bands along the Cote d' Azure. In all France there remains only the skeleton of the once busy Red Cross. The slow falling of the final curtain can be discerned in the progress of the salvage corps, as they dispose of the last five millions of dollars worth of material of all kinds, in the distribution in the devastated villages of clothing and assistance where the Red Cross representatives still consult with the local committees, and in the children's centers in Paris where soon a sign on the wall, *"Centre d'hygiene de la Croix Rouge Americaine,"* will be all the visible symbol of the Red Cross that was.

On the death bed of reports to the War Department, indeed, has succumbed now the greater part of all that work, the latest to go being the Communications Service, now entirely in the hands of the War Department, which can hereafter handle itself the inquiries about soldiers abroad and out of touch with their families. The epic is over, and the dream is history. By autumn the Red Cross will say farewell to France, the last to go as it was the first to come.

Day by day, however, it begins to be clear that the epic is still a pretty lively affair in most of the other countries of Europe. In Rumania, peace is still a matter of academic interest, as the Rumanian Army, although badly shattered by the experiences of the last four years, resists the assaults of the Bolshevist Russian armies on two fronts. Behind its gallant army, Rumania itself, in nondescript clothing, almost starving, almost wholly without means of transportation—the Germans left but sixty locomotives, and so far the French have been able to spare but fifty more!—in straits such as these Rumania itself struggles for life.

Through letter, cables and reports, indeed, it has become possible to ascertain what has been going on back of the wall of silence which lack of communication has set up around most of the Balkan States, and the work of the Red Cross and the Inter-Allied Food Commission assumes great significance. The condition of affairs is not reassuring, and although there is hope that time will set matters right, at present the aid the Red Cross is able to give is only temporary. It is difficult to overestimate what Red Cross aid even so far has meant, however. Here is a cable recently received in Washington which gives a vivid idea of what it has meant in some places:

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"Red Cross relief ship *Lake Elizabeth* arrived Galatz, Danube, Rumania, today with ten million pounds supplies. Tenth Red Cross vessel for Rumania. At town Soulina ragged, hungry peasants, barefooted women, children collected giving pathetic welcome to condensed milk, meat, soup, clothing. Was first outside aid received in five years English woman said starving. Famished children skeletons: men clamored bread Red Cross gave. Crowd cheered as ship steamed away. Supplies unloaded Galatz for distribution districts Rumania where misery greatest. Millions pounds food, medicine, clothing, cloth, sewing machines already supplied."

When the first party of fifty-four Red Cross workers arrived, they found an area of thirty thousand square miles around Bucharest, where the population was close to starvation They found many districts affected by syphilis and typhus and the peasant everywhere destitute, in many cases the farmers being not only without food but without seed to plant for another crop. With the evacuation of Odessa and further investigation of the country districts there was disclosed an even worse state of affairs. On the lower Danube, utter destitution prevailed. The refugees brought no money or food with them. A smallpox epidemic added its horrors to the typhus scourge. And the government was engaged in keeping up the morale of its armies!

With this problem, the Red Cross, steadily augmenting its force, sending materials and supplies from France and America, has already done wonders. Canteens in Bucharest for civilians, military and for school children and for the poor have been opened. Ten mobile units have been busy in the worst districts giving general relief. Hospitals have been established or rejuvenated in many sections where distress is unspeakable. In these surgical attention has been given, typhus patients taken, hundreds of peasants deloused in the effort to stop the spread of the disease and thousands of afflicted children taken care of. Everywhere the Rumanian doctors and health authorities have been backed in their fight against sickness and ignorance.

Cars of seed corn, under watchful Red Cross eyes, have been unloaded and planted in the country districts. Fifty carloads of surgical dressings have been sent through from Paris, and today they are being used throughout Rumania for baby clothes and for various apparel used by grown-ups. Everywhere, used garments sent from America together with clothes made from cloth supplied by the Red Cross are rapidly replacing the tattered clothing of the poor and destitute. At Galatz three canteens are now running and distribution of food, clothing and medicines to orphanages and hospitals continues. Most of the schools have been visited and given shoes and clothing. Along the Danube hundreds of villages have been rescued from the starvation which was upon them and now the other necessaries of civilized life are being provided. Conditions here were particularly frightful, the hospitals being found without sheets, blankets, mattresses or drugs and the only nonvalescent food available being musty beans. It does not take a doctor to understand what such things mean in death and suffering.

In all the work—and the actual number of Red Cross workers is always quite small compared to the army of their native helpers and the amount of their supplies, in this case vastly augmented by the Food Commission—in all this work, the plan followed has been that of reaching all districts and doing it quickly, trusting to Rumania herself to keep going once the fall harvest is in and industry has found itself.

The result has been out of all proportion to what such action would produce in America, where the morale of the people is concerned. Few truly altruistic things happen in the Near East, and those never on any large scale. This action by America is almost revolutionary. The word of it is becoming matter for gossip and discussion and thanksgiving throughout all this country by the Black Sea, the news that America is "helping the Rumanians" even having spread into what was once the Austrian Empire. To estimate approximately just how much the work has actually cost the Red Cross in dollars and cents is still very difficult. Much of the material distributed so far was donated for use in France, freight charges are remitted in government ships, and almost all the workers are volunteers and receive only their living expenses. As (*Continued on Page 71*)

Supplies brought by an American Red Cross boat for distribution in districts of Rumania where the misery was greatest. The population was close to starvation

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A fine thing about Postum is its entire freedom from harmful ingredients. Children may enjoy its delightful flavor along with parents.

"There's a Reason" for

POSTUM

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ARE YOU TOO OLD TO LEARN?

(*Continued from Page 14*)

write. Moonlight schools had been opened in eight counties. Among the second-year students were four ministers, two postmasters, and two school trustees. One of the latter was so fascinated by his progress, that he enrolled in the day school and sat in the desk with his twelve-year old son.

"How the postmasters got their commissions," said Mrs. Stewart, "I do not know, but Uncle Sam still owes us for their tuition. When they learned to read and write, their daughters, who had been doing the work, were free to continue their education."

Concerning the illiterate ministers, Mrs. Stewart reports that there were a number of these in the mountains. Many have been taught to read in the moonlight schools, and have gone to work for the movement. But there was one minister who refused to learn. He said that he didn't know how to read a word of the Book and he thanked God for it.

"THAT spirit was most unusual," added Mrs. Stewart. "There was among all the people a positive hunger to read the passages, which they had heard quoted so often. I remember one woman living in Louisa, although she could not read a word, who had asked her children to give her a Bible. Her farm was in a most difficult place. What she saw of the world she saw through the 'milk-gap!' It happened that there was a siding near the gap, and sometimes freight cars would stand on the track. When the children of the neighborhood came to the 'milk-gap' to buy milk, the woman would ask them the names of the letters on the box cars. In this way she gradually learned her alphabet, and was in time able to read her Bible. She told me one day, 'I prayed for a Bible and the Lord gave it to me, and I prayed to read it, and He taught me.'"

Having learned to read, the people became eager for books. There is even now a great scarcity of proper reading material in the mountains. On one occasion a county agent was distributing books in Leslie County. The people crowded around him, saying, "Don't leave me out." "Don't leave me out." "Give me one, too." But at the end, the agent lacked one book, and the man who had none was a farmer who had walked twenty miles in order to get this very thing. He asked the agent if he could come back, and the agent named a day, by which time he thought the man could send for the volume. Again the man walked twenty miles, only to be disappointed. It had not come. He made a third trip in order to have his own book.

It was in the year 1913 that the county teachers organized the Home Teaching Department.

"We had known," continued Mrs. Stewart, "that many people would want to come to the schools who could not. There is sickness in the mountains, and many people were too ill to come to us. So the teachers, who were already so burdened, added to their long day the new task of bed-side teaching. They would go regularly to the homes of the sick and teach these patient weary people to do the one thing which could draw them out of their monotonous environment."

The blind people in the mountains, hearing of the schools, wanted to come, too, and they were not turned away. They took the greatest pleasure in learning to write their names, and it was interesting to them to hear the questions and answers. Even the feeble-minded were admitted to the class-rooms and were given certain simple tasks that it was found they could do. The doors were barred only to epileptics.

"There are two chief errors," added Mrs. Stewart, "in the general conception of the moonlight schools. The first is the idea that we teach only reading and writing; the second is the fixed notion that these schools are for the poor and illiterate."

Concerning the first idea, Mrs. Stewart reported that there have been from the earliest days oral drills on a variety of subjects. The drills are now prepared and published in pamphlet form for the teacher. The drills, like the text-books, are based on mountain needs, and yet the current needs are the ones emphasized. For instance, during the war, the oral lessons dealt with the geography of Europe, with the history of the nations at war, the causes of the war, and with America in the world war. Similarly the pamphlet for this year will take up the problems of reconstruction. In addition to these "news subjects," there were drills on health and disease, on food and conservation, on food for children, on canning and drying, agriculture and horticulture, on State laws commonly violated. Poultry and cattle breeding are discussed, and there is a frank lesson on language, giving the proper pronunciation of words usually mispronounced in the mountains. Patriotic and flag drills are included, and there is a glossary of terms used in the war news, so that those reading the papers may understand what is meant by a division, a machine gun corps, a field hospital, etc.

MRS. STEWART has advised the teachers to select the four drills most needed in the community and to teach these thoroughly. She realizes that the time is too short to correct all errors, but not too short to correct many glaring ones. The instructor asks the question and discusses the answers volunteered. Finally she writes the perfect answer on the board and the class learns it. The language drill is one usually taught, and the students are always amused by it. They greet with surprise and enthusiasm the information that Sarah is not "Surry," and Maria is not "Mariar." They repeat after the teacher that get is not "git," nor cover "kiver," nor district "deestrict." The correct use of the common verbs is taught, and the pupils learn not to say "I have saw," "he taken," "my father he," or "he could have did."

Concerning the idea that the schools are only for the poor and illiterate, Mrs. Stewart has records of many cases of influential and well-established people who have come to be taught. She tells the story of one old gentleman whose son came suddenly into a position of importance. This old man was greatly ashamed of having "to make his mark" in the city where his son was well known, so he climbed the hill to the school teacher's house and, after a long preamble, confessed that he wanted to be taught to read and write. It was too early for school, but the teacher gave him private lessons during the summer. Nobody knew why he had gone to the little mountain village, and they do not know now. He would take his primer, wrapped in a newspaper, to a seat under a tree to study. If anybody came by, he would pretend to be reading the news, but when he was alone, he was laboring with his primer. Before he went back to live with his son he could read and write.

THIS is not an unusual case. In many a big, well-built farmhouse whole families of illiterates were found. Even persons who could read and write came to the classes regularly to brush up a bit, and enjoyed not only the contact with their neighbors but the taking up of new subjects. Mrs. Stewart stated furthermore that the rural as well as the mountain people are taught; that the most difficult ones to interest are the tenant farmers in the Bluegrass.

The development of the moonlight schools has continued, and in the last years new departments have been added one by one. There is now not only a home department but a jail department by which illiterate prisoners are taught. A connection has been made with the mountain banks, and any person who "makes his mark" is reported by the clerk so that the school may follow him home and persuade him to learn to read and write. Statesmen in Kentucky have conducted a speaking campaign for the movement, and continue to urge the importance of eliminating illiteracy. Traveling salesmen have brought in many students. Volunteers in all parts of the State are co-operating. A number of Sunday schools, led by moonlight school pupils or teachers, have sprung up and are doing excellent work. It is expected by Mrs. Stewart and her assistants that the campaign in the fall will reach the men and women who have not yet been drawn into the classrooms.

The growth of the movement has been so rapid, and the petitions from new counties asking that schools be established have been so numerous, that during the past year the State legislature has given $75,000 for their continuance. The fund is administered by the State Illiteracy Commission, created by the Governor in 1914, and is used chiefly to pay the salaries of the County Illiteracy agents who are the county organizers.

The teaching by the county teachers is done without pay.

This autumn a final campaign is to be conducted for the purpose of reaching the remaining 100,000 illiterates in the

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The Lure of the Breakfast Table is

BAKER'S COCOA

It is pure, wholesome and of great food value. One never tires of its delicious flavor and attractive aroma because it is the natural flavor and aroma of high-grade cocoa beans prepared by a mechanical process; no chemicals used.

Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free.

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State, so that the slogan, "Wipe out Illiteracy in Kentucky" may be fulfilled.

With the gradual extension of the work in the pioneer state (there are now 6,000 volunteer schools, where there were fifty at first) and the spread of the movement to the southern, western, and extreme eastern states, there have been formed two national committees on illiteracy, directed by Mrs. Stewart. The National Illiteracy Commission and the Illiteracy Committee of the National Education Association are striving at present to stimulate the work in all parts of the country, and have prepared a bill, now before Congress, calculated to provide funds to further the movement.

THE entrance of America into the war gave a great impetus to the moonlight schools. The mountaineers for one thing are intensely patriotic. The government is their government (in spite of the fact that it seems for so long to have forgotten them), and anything that the United States asks is proudly given. The shopkeeper in the ramshackle log store, with the torn flag in his window, who told a stranger, inquiring the way to the nearest town, that the road at the door "led to Washington," was one of the type. There are many people in the mountains who feel that Washington is just beyond the sky-line.

It was no uncommon thing after April, 1917, to see a group of men and women run from their doors if a stranger passed, and ask him to read a newspaper which they had been saving for a week or two. After the reading, they would question the newcomer, and when he had gone, watch the road for the next traveler. It was constant "trouble" to them not to know how things stood with the country at the moment. For this reason they were more eager than ever to read and write. The soldiers called to the Service went gladly, and their families were quite as proud of them as families in other places. One mother, whose son was an excellent fiddler, was describing his prowess to a group of friends. "I 'low he'll play 'The Chicken' Hen' on the Kaiser's porch 'fore he comes home," she said.

Yet many of these soldiers from the mountains could not write a letter to their relatives, and if they had been able to do so, there would have been no one in the home to read the message. As a result of this desire to keep in touch with their boys, increasing numbers of pupils came to the moonlight schools. Mrs. Stewart also arranged to reach the enlisted men before they started for camp, and Kentucky was the first State to take up the teaching of illiterate soldiers. The names of men who registered in June were sent to her, and those who could not read and write were asked to attend the classes which would open at once. Although it was unusually early for the moonlight schools, they were running in July with many draft registrants present. Later an arrangement was made with the Y. M. C. A. to teach at Camp Zachary Taylor those who had missed the mountain term. The work soon extended to all the other cantonments. The Country Life Reader was used, and proved so helpful that 50,000 copies were sent over-seas for the classes conducted there. Recently Mrs. Stewart was notified that American boys studied her books behind the Rhine.

While the moonlight schools are almost too young to point to any especially successful careers resulting from their instruction, there are many students who have doubled and tripled their earning capacity. A number have gone on to college, and even those who have remained have not been content to work only with their hands. They have secured books, have often taught their parents, and have exhibited an interest in things around them very different from their former attitude of mind. The night classes, as one of the teachers said, "have waked up the mountains," and as the teachers know, that was no small task.

The gratitude of the men and women who have been taught is constantly being shown. Letters are written to Mrs. Stewart, many visits are paid, and all reports of progress are carefully made. One of the old friends of the school was a weaver. She was not content until she had grown flax in Rowan County and made a gown for Mrs. Stewart. The flax was then taken by the weaver herself through all the processes necessary, and finally spun into a broad, beautiful piece of linen.

BUT a gift perhaps more touching than this was a string of beads sent to Mrs. Stewart by a woman some seventy years of age. The beads were dried berries, which grow in the mountains, often at the door of cabins. These berries, which have been named by the people "Job's Tears," make a dark grey bead, somber but effective. In the hills they know about Job, and they know about his patience and his tears. It is somehow fitting that an old woman, who had endured so long, should make an ornament out of "Job's Tears" for that other woman, who had brought to her books, the letters of her children, and—in her words—"made a path of light down the hill you couldn't see, but that you could git over, even if you was old and had pain in your body."

HOW ONE CHILD BROUGHT HEALTH AND HAPPINESS FOR MILLIONS

(*Continued from Page* 18)

than usual, and she was afraid she would not get credit for her 'ten hours in bed.'"

All day *Saturday!* And it was a little girl in the same Florida town whose breathless greeting on the street one day was, "Oh, Mrs. Bow! I've just took my ten breaths and I'm still a-breathing!"

As against the numerically infinitesimal family of marbleheads among the teaching brethren there is now in the United States, with branches beyond, a splendid army of school principals and "marms," priests and nuns of Catholic schools, several instructors in Hebrew schools on the East Side of New York City and elsewhere, whose enthusiasm over the Great Idea is second only to that of the little Crusaders. From these men and women, from parents and from a hundred and one odd sources, comes information, often of an amusing nature, which shows that the Great Idea is roaring along like the Mississippi in flood.

Grown-ups have reported that they, too, have been benefited greatly by practicing the health chores tabulated on their children's health cards. Certainly the adult druggist man with a tooth-brush counter in the neighborhood of a school is a rooter for the Modern Health Crusaders idea. Pennsylvania, Iowa, Oklahoma, Wisconsin and other States have suffered "tooth-brush famines" since the Modern Health Crusaders clattered into town. Here's a news item from a recent issue of the Humbolt (Iowa) *Republican:*

"THERE was a shortage on tooth-brushes last week. There was not a tooth-brush to be bought in any of the local drug stores. Such news should indicate that our citizens are strong believers in keeping their teeth clean, but such is not altogether the case. The schools are putting on the Modern Health Crusade and the pupils have taken to it like ducks to water."

And there was the Wisconsin school principal who publicly lamented not long ago that he had not thought in time "to open a tooth-brush, nail-file and soap store" just before the Great Idea struck his city and thereby amass great riches. Of more moment is the report of Teacher W. N. Andrews, of Prescott, Arkansas, who said he believed the work of the Modern Health Crusaders was the sole reason that not a single case of influenza occurred in his school during the recent epidemic, whereas all the schools around him, in none of which had the health work been begun then, "were almost broken up" by the epidemic.

"My boy used to fight if he had to wash, but now he would fight if he was not allowed to," one mother told the boy's teacher not long ago. And from the children themselves come written nuggets in the form of school "compositions" on the subject of the crusade. "When I get to be a man," wrote small Johnnie Orlando, a school boy of Framingham, Massachusetts, "I will get a good job because clean men always get the best jobs." And this from young Historian John Le Shane, a little pupil in the same school: "I would like to grow up like George Washington. He was great because he took his bath when he ought to. He stood up straight and that is why he became such a good soldier."

Investigations of the results of the health crusade, made and filed by officials of the National Tuberculosis Association and Red Cross workers, dwell upon the amazing proportion of tiny children in the

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Do You Remember
The Old Corn Doctor?

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He stood on the street, in the olden days, and offered a "magic corn cure."

The same ingredients, harsh and inefficient, are sold in countless forms today.

But they did not end corns, and they do not now. Nor does padding, nor does paring—methods older still.

The One Right Way

Modern scientists in the Bauer & Black laboratories have evolved a perfect method and embodied it in Blue-jay.

In 48 hours, while the corn is forgotten, Blue-jay completely ends it and forever. Hardly one corn in ten needs a second application.

The way is sure. It is easy, pleasant, scientific.

Quit old-fashioned methods. Try Blue-jay on one corn—tonight.

B&B **Blue-jay**

The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly Ends Corns Completely
25 Cents—At Druggists

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The Prophylactic really cleans between the teeth
The ordinary tooth brush merely brushes the surfaces
"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"
Always Sold in the Yellow Box
Pro-phy-lac-tic
MEDIUM
Tooth Brush

country who drink strong tea and coffee three times a day. The need for the mental discipline that is a part of the crusade was shown in the great masses of children who could not remember the chores at first. And the number of homes unearthed where windows never were opened except in hot weather and the "full bath" positively forbidden by parents except in summer was appalling.

THE physical benefit of the crusade among the youngsters is obvious; the effect on character building has been almost as marked. One instance of many comes to mind in the case of an orphaned girl who was adopted by a woman in Minneapolis. The child proved to be so sulky and disagreeable that the woman was about to send the orphan back to the asylum. Then, reports the child's benefactress, the girl came eagerly home from school to show the chore card she had just received, and with dubious eyes the child's new "mother" read the details of the chore which had to do with keeping "cheerful constantly and to be helpful to others." But the little orphan went to work to master that chore quite as ardently as she tackled the others. Rapidly she contracted a new "disposition" which soon gave promise of growing chronic, and now the little orphan girl has the *habit* of helpful happiness It was in a Minnesota town also where the "bad boy of the class" took the Great Idea up so enthusiastically that now it is on record that on a recent evening he told "Teacher" sadly that he had not done anything all day "to be helpful to others" —"And please, ma'am, kin I sweep up the basement of the school now so I kin get credit on my chore card for Chore Number Ten?"

I shall leave to experts in child psychology the explanation of why, according to officials of the National Tuberculosis Association who have studied thousands of chore-score cards, the most difficult chore to remember is to drink a glass of water before each meal. "Too hungry to wait," is the thought that first comes to mind, but this explanation of the phenomenon topples over when it is learned from the same authoritative statistics that the easiest chore to remember is the one that runs, "I washed my hands before each meal to-day"

One of the Marblehead clan raised the objection early in the crusade that "the whole idea will teach the children to cheat when marking their cards." A close study of results, made by parents and teachers, proves that quite the contrary has come to pass. Not only has it been proved absolutely that the chores strengthen the child physically and make for a remarkable improvement in study, recitations and school examinations, but also that the health crusade work is a helpful character builder and a spur toward honesty. The chore records are in themselves a drill in truthfulness, it has been found; for "truthfulness, like the other positive virtues, must be developed by repeatedly facing the alternatives of right and wrong and choosing the right." Or, as a less celebrated moralist, little Crusader Hunter Lewis, of the Hyde School at Washington, D. C., put the matter in one of his school compositions: "Since I have obeyed the health rules a voice tells me to be honest in a marble game. Besides improving my health it has taught me to be strictly honest, and if nothing else, has saved marbles for their real owners"

Someone discovered long ago that we are "controlled more by the habits that we form in youth than by the knowledge we acquire." And the little Crusaders not only learn habits of personal health and cleanliness but in numberless instances they have branched out in their work to the extent of trying to "be helpful" to whole communities by keeping playgrounds, back alleys and even main streets of the "home towns" in shipshape order.

Their teachers are unanimous in acclaiming the superiority of the health crusade work over the dry-as-dust lessons in hygiene as taught in the average school. Hygiene lessons from a text-book merely tell the child what to do; the Modern Health Crusade makes the child do it, and want to do it.

The DeForest idea shuns fanaticism as it would a typhoid germ. It does not follow the fanatic in confusing right living with asininity, but teaches that "temperance" is moderation in even the things that are good for one to have and use If the Great Idea had come into being a generation ago, it is certain that the year 1917 would not have seen so shocking a number of physical rejections in our army and navy; for the crusade in its dramatization of healthy health during the formative years of childhood is implanting the lifelong gospel that one must live right or lose the right to live.

A GENERAL IN THE MAKING

(*Continued from Page 23*)

Win? Of course they did. They walked on air. They would have won in any competition in the world!

We, up on the grand-stand, watched them drill as through a haze, holding our breath at the uncanny, dream-like perfection with which they rose to the occasion.

Then the haze lifted, they were standing at attention, and somebody was announcing that they had won the first prize!

My recollection of what followed *must* be a trifle exaggerated! As I remember it, the whole delegation from the university fell out of the grand-stand in one compact mass, like swarming bees, and, my father at their head, ran shouting and waving hats and handkerchiefs towards the victors. I have a distinct picture (and General Pershing bears me out in this, improbable as it seems), of seeing my father, stout and not at all athletic, rise over a high board-fence like a feather, and descending, fall upon the Lieut. with a clamor of congratulations!

Oh, the glad, far-away young day and hour that it was! The sun shone with its incomparable western clarity; we were all young, triumphant, sure of the future, and absurdly happy.

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And that is about the last of the Nebraska pictures I have in which the Lieut. is the central figure. Soon after that we moved away from Lincoln and the Lieut. did, too, and although my father and he were always in close touch, the rest of us, absorbed in our new life, as he was in his wherever it was, had only fragmentary glimpses of him. In spite of this, he remained always a coherent and compelling personality in our lives—yes, *indeed*, that is putting it mildly!

Of course we saw him, too, from time to time; enough so that he remained a familiar of the family, much loved for his genial good-comradeship, and much respected, as always. We were aware, of course, how rapidly he advanced, one rank after another falling before his forward-swinging stride, but that was immaterial; he was of course the Lieut. to us, the only one who ever had been or ever would be.

Then came long periods of life in Europe—and then marriage, and children, and other veils separating the present from the past. Marriage and children for the Lieut., too—and then the news of awful, personal loss, so that we were afraid to see him, as you are afraid to see a friend about whom is the dreadful halo of great sorrow. And then—the War.

It was the third year of the War, the second year of my stay in France and two or three days after the arrival of the first American officers that I stood on the balcony of the Hotel Crillon, looking down dubiously at a group of natty American officers chatting briskly and cheerfully on the Place de la Concorde. I was to have breakfast with the Lieut., now become the hope of many nations. And while I waited for him (the one weakness in the General's perfectly well-ordered personal life is that you *always* wait for him), I looked down on my newly-arrived compatriots, and wondered what was going to happen now that America was at last in the war.

I knew from home letters how reluctantly America had come into the war (this was just at the beginning, of course). I knew how little military a nation was mine—and I looked down with melancholy doubt on the group of cheerful American officers, so much younger in appearance and bearing (although many of them had gray hair) than the youngest, war-aged poilu. Could they turn the trick?

Then—I hadn't heard the light, firm, cadenced step behind me—there was a strong hand on my shoulder. I turned around, and—why, there was the Lieut., and I knew that "it was all right now, the Lieut. was on the job!"

There he was, and on the job if ever a man was! And it was *his* job, the job he had been training all his life for! *He* was not brisk and fresh and boyishly interested in the sights about him. He was *on the job*, and there was not a resolute, war-experienced, disillusioned French general who knew what he was up against any more intimately than did this American. Before we had talked five minutes the world had another color to me. I had undone from my back the load of anxiety and care which had

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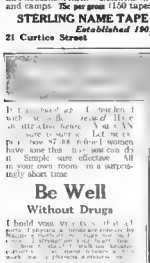

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darkened my days, and had transferred it to the broad and competent shoulders of the life-long old friend before me.

We sat down to breakfast, the queerest possible people to be taking breakfast together in the midst of the glittering, gilded, old-world decorations of that ornate, formal room in the historic old building—the tired, anxious little American woman and the intensely serious, grim, professional soldier. For he wore, and to the last degree, one of his aspects from which in my childhood I had always shrunk in fear, but which I now contemplated with heartfelt joy as though it had been the actual dawn of victory. His irresistible, friendly smile was veiled; none of the familiar charm of his humorous comradely familiarity was to be seen. He wore his old look of hard, intent determination as in difficult moments in the past. I felt as though we were members of the same family meeting in a sick-room, as though he were the new doctor who had been called in, and his stern air of mastery gave me confidence that the patient would pull through. It was not that he made any claim as to what he was going to be able to accomplish. Quite the contrary. He had no more illusions about the general situation than when he had stood fiercely over the company of disconsolate cadets and brought them back into line. He was not at all ashamed to show openly that until he had more first-hand information of what lay before him in France, he was by no means sure that he or any man could pull off the miracle. I said, somewhat emotionally, I dare say: "Oh, General, the very sight of you makes me feel like the little girl who had such unbounded trust in you. I feel as though the war were over." And he answered, with the stern, curt brevity he always had for foolish remarks: "Child, it's just begun!"

BUT for all his intelligent appreciation of the tragic gravity of the task which lay before him, he was still the same man who had looked over the raw, big-boned farmer lads and had said he had the finest material in the world. For, after speaking freely of the almost superhuman undertaking of making an army out of the heterogeneous material which the American draft would bring in, he said suddenly, bringing his fist down on the table and using one of his most alarmingly fierce tones: "But, I tell you one thing, I'm going to jump right down the throat of the next man who asks me again if I think 'the Americans will really fight.' *Fight?* Americans!" I found myself quaking in my shoes as though I had been guilty of the objectionable question. But I was glowing all over with satisfaction that my country's army had such a fierce defender against attack and doubt. Back of his flaming certainty of America's valor, I felt all my country gathering herself together. He was that day, for me, not only a personal and dear reminder of old days, of my dead father, of the home-people whom I had not seen in so long—he was all my country come to France, purposeful, not over-confident, fully aware of the prodigious character of the crisis, and *determined*. How often during the next black year I leaned morally against the stone-wall determination!

For it took a year to reach the next stage when he stood watching the result of the great American effort, and smiled at what he saw. It was just about twelve months after this when I saw that he was completely in the other mood. I was in Paris a day or so on my way to the front, just when the Germans, at the top of their fearful last forward drive, were actually at Chateau-Thierry and threatening Meaux, but when for the first time during that last offensive of theirs they were held and repulsed. General Pershing was in town for a few hours then, and I had dinner with him—a dramatic contrast to the breakfast of the first of his stay. He was fresh from the front, and so glowing with confidence and certainty that, before my eyes, he was again the young officer who had heard the announcement of the winning of the first prize by "his" boys. The old charm, the old light-hearted sunniness were there again. It was a mood which was hard for me to understand, for I had come from many months of terrible suspense lived among people suffering acutely from the long strain of the war. I looked at the General's alert, unclouded face wonderingly. He seemed to have come from another world. I said abruptly, longing for definite reassurance: "See here, General Pershing, are we *really* going to beat them? Are you *sure*? Things look so black."

HE cast down his great height a quizzical, laughing, sidelong glance, and answered: "Why, you're not asking that question seriously, are you? You don't mean me to understand that you are employing the English language to express any *doubt* in the matter? And then, seeing that I did not laugh (I had temporarily forgotten how to) and that I continued to look troubled, he brought out the organ-note of his great occasions, the deep, splendid voice that made the glasses on the table ring in answer, as he said, very seriously: "*Why, child, OF COURSE we're going to beat them!*"

* * *

Two days after that my guide stopped and said: "We can't go any farther. Those are our front-line trenches just over there. That village is Epieds and the Boche and the Yankee Division are fighting back and forth in the streets. And that's a German observation balloon."

I stood still and looked about me. The wonderful golden country rippling with ripe wheat was alive with khaki-clad soldiers. By every road, by every path, they pressed forward in search of the enemy: foot, horse, artillery, great cannons slowly moving past; an ammunition-convoy filling a road as far as the eye could see, and always, always in never-ending line, the strong young men marching doggedly forward, erect under their heavy packs; their faces resolute; to the last well-trained fiber of their vigorous bodies ready for their ordeal.

It seemed to me that each one marched as though he heard what I heard, the ringing shout:

"Boys—I think—you're going—*to WIN!*"

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MAKING THE BUSY BEE BUSIER

(*Continued from Page 26*)

He adds three, sometimes four, stories of empty frames to the two stories which have come through the winter. These extra stories are for honey only. Into them the bees pour with their newly gathered burdens. Here are bees enough, space enough for a bumper crop. The beekeeper can now turn his attention to maintaining the morale of his clouds of tiny workers. If only he can keep them from striking!

Swarming is the colony's method of reproducing itself. When the hive becomes too crowded, the bees begin rearing young queens in specially prepared royal cells. Scouts also are sent out to discover a good location for another home, the idea being to pile out of the hive and start housekeeping all over, after having left behind a few royal princesses, one of which will become the queen of the next swarm.

Swarming is more than a sort of May Day moving. It is a holiday triumph, a day of forgetfulness and folly; it is the only Sunday the bee ever knows. If uncontrolled, the bees at such a time go quite mad. They knock off work. They get drunk on nectar. They try to see how high they can fly. They indulge in a really shocking toot.

For many years most beekeepers have thought that it was as inevitable for a colony of bees to swarm as for a brooding hen to try to hatch chicks from door knobs. In the industrial hive this is not so. The government's bees never swarm at all! As bee strike-preventers Uncle Sam's bee wizards are a one hundred per cent. success. Their task is simpler than that of the government labor arbitration board since they can control home conditions. The bee lives in his factory. Make him contented and happy at home and you have cured his "industrial unrest."

The bee's home troubles are much the same as those of human beings. She wearies of the monotonous round of domestic duties; eternally sweeping up, making beds, washing and feeding babies, canning fruit, getting the men folks to stir their stumps and get out of her way—it's all a dull grind and she longs for a change. Not that she objects to hard work, mind you, she doesn't want to "settle down"; she's simply crazy about setting up housekeeping, she wants another honeymoon!

Especially is this true of the queen bee. Though a widow with fifty thousand children, she has her memories. After weeks of endless rounds in the darkened hive, she begins to dream of the gladness of her courtship hours circling in the radiant, perfumed pools of light beneath the azure roof of the sky. She is a dowager now; she cannot wed again—no matter; she can't be a caper yet, and she becomes chief conspirator, if not leader, in the growing discontent.

For this reason the beekeeper at this time must watch the queen; and if he has mastered the government's work on "Why Queens Leave Home," he will know how to keep her from her folly.

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He will make sure, when the restless season arrives, that the queen is a young one, a newly-wed who is absorbed in setting up housekeeping for the first time. And he will keep plenty of empty cradles hanging in the nursery, thus making a soft appeal to her maternal instincts.

Sometimes he will suddenly remove all the baby-filled cradles from the nursery. Seeing this change, the queen thinks, "Well, I got that batch out of the way easily," and will cheerfully continue her steady grind of rearing children. A sense of crowding, caused by too many bees in the household, soon starts an exodus. There are probably too many prospective husbands lining the passageways, awaiting for the sleeping princesses to come forth. The beekeeper collects these suitors and puts a stop to their idle curiosity by sousing them in a bucket of boiling water.

At times, in spite of everything the scientific beekeeper can do, a colony will listen to the seductive whisperings of a few domestic agitators and go on a strike. Even so he is not dismayed. After the bees have left, he removes the nursery stories and substitutes others full of new frames, all bare, except one or two which contain a set of the usual empty wax incubators. When the swarm clusters on a tree branch or in a bush, he gathers it into a basket and shakes it out in front of the very hive it has just deserted.

The bees, thinking they have at last arrived at the wondrous home of the future they had gone forth to seek, pour into it to investigate. Sure enough, here is a brand new nursery, swept clean, ready and waiting. What luck! Orders are given to begin operations at once. The flying forces who were afield when the swarm departed now return and, not having caught the strike fever, methodically and unconcernedly continue to deposit their sweet burdens into the upper storage chambers. The runaways are sobered by the sight. "This must be *it*," they think, and fall to again with a will.

BUT what becomes of the discarded nurseries? The beekeeper, in order to crowd an absolute maximum of worker bees into the newly organized hive, now sets about inducing both the adult and young bees left in the old nurseries to take up residence in this larger hive in which the work is being forced.

This he does by placing the discarded nurseries on another hive stand and arranging this stand at right angles to the big hive. The adult bees from these old nurseries, on returning from the fields, have a choice of two homes. Which? They elect the one on the old position, of course. A bee's navigating instruments are as good as a cat's. Before leaving the hive she fixes her bearings so firmly in her mind that she unerringly steers her way back to where she took-off.

All the bees have now passed from the old nursery to the new hive—except the newly hatched orphans. The old nurseries are therefore allowed to remain alongside the big, new hive until the young bees get their bearings, when the old nurseries from which they came are finally removed to a distant edge of the grounds. Returning and finding only the new hive, they loop the loop a few times in disgust and then volplane right into the big hive!

Thus a swarm is "hived" without loss of time or bees and the work goes on even faster than before.

Many other methods for keeping a maximum of workers on the job during the honey flow are possible, but those described here are among those most commonly used. They show how the scientific beekeeper makes the busy bee get busier.

The bee expert has not subdued the bee. He has not altered her habits. He has not modified in the slightest degree the beautifully elaborate, tortuous order of the family-factory.

MAN receives obedience but not recognition from the bees. He can rob her of the fruit of her labor; he can proportion her dwelling and her granaries to the harvest of flowers; he can reduce the number of idle male lovers; he can dethrone the queen herself and install another in her place—and through it all (and this is the measure of the wonder of his knowledge) his decrees are in god-like accord with the mysterious laws and virtues of her race.

The truth of the matter is that it is just as "natural" for a hive to have twenty thousand nurses and eighty thousand workers as to have twenty thousand nurses and the same number of workers. In a wild state, honey bees sometimes encounter conditions which make these proportions possible. It is the task of the scientific beekeeper to understand and reproduce these conditions. That is all.

Whether or not the bees will ever in time catch on to the cunning deceptions practiced on them by man is a question for the biologist to answer. Our concern is the business of getting honey. It therefore remains only for us to take a glance at the cost accounting figures which American beekeepers have been setting down during the last year.

Take the Maryland farmer, before the war, with his twenty thousand worker bees. One bee on a good nectar day will store one five-hundredth of an ounce of honey. For the entire flying force of one hive this totals two and a half pounds a day or twenty-five pounds for a season of ten days. But, since the farmer, under the old method, did not get his little freighters off the ways and tuned up until toward the end of the honey flow, his total for the ten days was only about seven pounds.

This year with a hundred thousand bees in the colony during the whole ten days he will harvest at least one hundred pounds of golden stores. At twenty cents a pound wholesale his gross profit will be twenty dollars for one hive, or six hundred dollars for thirty hives. And this estimate, I am assured by Dr. E. F. Phillips, chief of the government's apiculturists, is a very conservative one.

SOME of our farmers whose bees are a side line, says Dr. Phillips, are now earning fifty dollars a hive, or fifteen hundred dollars for thirty hives. Which means that the professional beekeeper with his three hundred hives under scientific management is pulling down fifteen thousand dollars a year.

"The real significance of this war-time revolution in bee management," said Dr. Phillips, as we stood, our heads protected by black netting, among the clouds of honey-gatherers darting to and fro in the bright May sunshine over the government hives, "is that it has helped us towards an even greater conquest. With the end of the war has come a beginning of serious thought about making the United States independent economically. The chief means to this end is to devolop more of our natural resources. Few supplies are more important than sugar. The war showed this. And right here is where the bee comes in.

"Most of our sugar is imported from Cuba and other foreign countries. The plants from which it is made grow best only in a climate and soil such as Cuba has. But few people realize that the blossoms and flowers of this country produce in the form of nectar more than three times as much sugar as is consumed by our entire population. No loss to tree, bush, vine or soil would be entailed in harvesting it, nor need there be any increase in our beekeepers' overhead expense in handling up to ten times their present production.

"The only instrument that can do this harvesting is the honey bee, the one insect that is kept alive and propagated as a regular branch of agriculture. By helping our beekeepers manage their hives upon scientific principles, we are preparing this instrument for a service in food production as yet only dreamed of.

"All this is economic education. And when you bear in mind that probably every one of this country's eight hundred thousand beekeepers, amateur and professional, has during the last year or so heard something at least about our bees-for-business propaganda you can begin to appreciate what has already been done. Once the rules are known, the rest is comparatively easy."

Margaret Deland
Edward Hungerford
Willa Sibert Cather

Dr. Frank Crane
Ida M. Tarbell
Frank Ward O'Malley

Ellis Parker Butler
Anne Shannon Monroe
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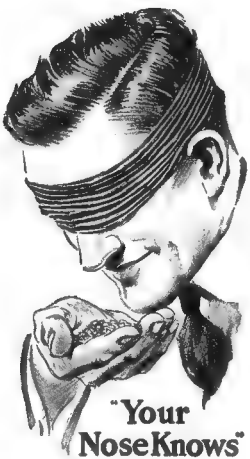

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THE HIGH COST OF LIVING HITS BILLY BRAD

(*Continued from Page 29*)

ice-cream cone man's jangling bell was far, far away by the time Grandma learned the awful truth that five cents, because of the high cost of living, and taxes, would no longer buy an ice-cream cone.

"Land sakes alive!" she exclaimed then. "Why didn't you tell me? Scaring a body half out of her wits! Of course the poor man couldn't sell you a cone for five cents; he'd be jailed if he did, I dare say. Now, do stop crying. Here! Here's a penny. Run fast and you can catch him and get your ice-cream cone."

Billy Brad grasped the penny and fled. Faint and far he heard the jangle of the bell and he went down the porch steps, right foot first—ta-tump, ta-tump, ta-tump—and ran across the lawn and up the street.

Now and then he paused to listen for the ice-cream cone man's bell, and then he ran rapidly until he reached a corner. He waited to hear the bell again and ran on, to the next corner.

And then, standing on a corner, and waiting, he did not hear the bell again. It did not ring again. It had stopped ringing. It rang no more. The ice-cream cone man was lost! As the certitude of this came upon Billy Brad his wee returned two-fold. It had been the sorrow of his life to be unable to buy an ice-cream cone when he had five cents in his hand; it was at least one-fifth more anguishing when he had six cents in his fist. He stood on the corner and wailed at the top of his voice.

The first little girl came and stood and looked at him with awe. It was the first time, as far as she could remember, that she had ever been able to look into the interior of a boy and see his tonsils and the latter end of his tongue. She hoped he would wail for hours and hours.

The next little girl walked around him in a circle, to see what was sticking into him, but the third little girl said, "What's a matter? Whatcha cryin' for?" By the time there were eight or nine little girls and boys around Billy Brad they had decided what was the matter with him, and when the policeman stopped they told him.

"HE'S losted," they told him. "He don't know where he lives at, 'cause he got losted."

The policeman bent down.

"What's yer name, hey, kid?" he asked.

"Ah—ah—ah—wanna coam—ah-ah-ah!" sobbed Billy Brad.

"Wannercomb," said the policeman. "I don't know nobody around here by that name. Any of you kids know him?"

"No, sir! No, sir, we don't know him," they chorused

"Kin you kids get him to say what his name is so I can understand it?" asked the policeman

They asked him, many at a time and singly.

"I wanna coam! I wanna coam!" wailed Billy Brad

"He says he wants t' go home," volunteered the biggest girl. "He won't *say* anything else"

"Well, I guess I'd better take him down to headquarters," said the policeman.

"When his folks miss him it's likely they'll be 'phoning there anyway."

So Billy Brad, frightened, sobbing, was escorted by a tall policeman to the station house. Long before he reached there he was meek and silent. He was meek and silent as he sat on the edge of a big chair in the station house. He knew what had happened, he had been arrested because he had tried to buy an ice-cream cone for five cents, when the lawful price was six.

"I—I—I *have* got six cents," he said "For because my gramma she gived me a cent, and—and—and I haded five cents, for—for because my mamma she gives me five cents"

"YOU got six cents, have you kid?" said the big lieutenant behind the desk. "And what are you going to do with your six cents?"

"I wanna yice-keem coam," said Billy Brad.

The lieutenant knew boys.

"Mike," he said, "take the kid's cash and chase in next door and fetch him a cone. What kind do you want, kid?"

"Banilla," said Billy Brad cheerfully

"Vanilla, Mike," said the lieutenant, and Billy Brad settled back in his big chair, happy at heart, contented of mind, ready to face the future calmly. He liked being in jail, if this was a sample. Home, since the high cost of ice-cream cones disrupted its calm, had never been like this.

When Mrs. Bradley reached home, with a pair of sandals that were not what she had hoped, but which would do very well under the circumstances, she found Grandma all but prostrated and learned that Billy Brad was lost, if not drowned or crushed by an automobile. and that William Bradley, Senior, had been telephoned for.

"Have you telephoned the police, mother?" she asked.

At that minute, or a minute earlier, Billy Brad had pushed the tip of his tongue against the luscious vanilla ice-cream that peeked over the top of his cone.

"And now, son," the lieutenant said, "they tell me you don't know your name. Sure, a big lad like you knows his name, don't he?"

"Villyum Athcoft Bradyey, two-forty-two Yelym Street, Wes'cote, Yong I'yand Fi'e years old," said Billy Brad as promptly as an old offender, and the lieutenant flipped over the pages of the telephone book and drew his telephone toward him.

"Westcote, One, two, two, nine," he said and, in the same breath: "Yes, ma'am; I was just this minute telephonin' you; the little lad is here, all well an' hearty, eatin' an ice-cream cone as big as life. Do you want to talk to him?"

"Yes, mamma," said Billy Brad into the telephone, when his mother had spoken to him, "and—and—and a great, big pleeceman branged me to jail he did, for—for because yice-keem coams ain't not fi' cents; yice-keem coams is six cents."

As some deep philosopher has said: "The high cost of living affects all classes and all ages." Even the ice-cream cone age.

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PRIVATE DUGAN COMES TO A DECISION

(*Continued from Page 40*)

the leavin' so much if I told her we'd live on a farm. *"Ah, oui! C'est la grand* idea!"

She used the same sort o' English as my French, ye understand; that's why we understood each other so well.

So it was settled an' we sailed, with Jeannette's eyes half full o' wonder an' half full o' tears. But I'm not leavin' her in fright here long now, I'm tellin' ye! 'Tis the land I want to get our feet on; the land that'll keep her cheeks red an' the songs fresh in her heart; the land that'll keep alive in me own chest the thing that was born somewhere out in the hell o' war an' began to reason that dewy mornin' in Normandy when I met Jeannette in the path.

So this is why I got a bit cocky when this fellow behind the desk cross-questions me when I asked for a job that would help me get on the land. We haven't got the money to buy it, Jeannette an' me, but we've got the hearts to win it. And the fellow behind the desk says that's enough. I find he's a human bein' after all an' not a parrot.

We're goin' on one o' these Government community projects for the discharged soldiers an' work an' save. Then we'll pick one o' the farms an' make a payment with the money we've saved. Then we'll have twenty years, maybe, they say, to pay for it. An' then it's ours!

Oh, I tell ye, man! 'tis much good that's come from this war, because men have found themselves an' felt their own strength. An' 'tis the God-given outdoors an' the soil under their feet to call their own that's goin' to make for the healin' o' the scars on their souls an' put sunshine into all their new mornin's!

O! BRAVE NEW WORLD THAT HAS SUCH PEOPLE IN'T

(*Continued from Page 35*)

cal manufacturing plant, employs fifty blind men, and their work is said to be satisfactory.

The sightless also find positions as switchboard operators. They cannot work in centrals where the flash-system is in use, but they are economically efficient in hotels, apartments and institutions.

Some blind men at St. Dunstan's in England have continued in their engineering profession. Others have become excellent stenographers and accountants. Massage is one of the best occupations for the blind when they have the proper physical qualifications and some education.

Many men will go back to their farms. Country life should have many attractions for the sightless. I was telling a group of blind men how I love nature, and how it was possible for them to enter into the delights of the earth, the

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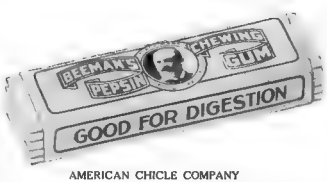
D. E. Beeman



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streams, the sun and the atmosphere. An Illinois boy said: "I like the city. The stillness of the country gets on my nerves." "Oh," I exclaimed, "how can you say that? The great, still, teeming, fragrant, billowy wheat-fields of your West are heaven to me, and, like the star-strewn fields of the sky, they declare the glory of God."

A quiet man touched me timidly and asked me to shake hands with his brother. He said: "We are farmers from Idaho. I want my brother to go back with me to the farm. There's plenty of work he can do, but he is discouraged, and declares that a blind man can't do anything worth while on a farm."

I took the blind young man's huge hand and assured him that he could do practically everything around the barn and stable. I told him of blind men I knew who look after the stock, rub down the horses and cows, feed the animals and take care of the hens. Some of them can even distinguish different breeds of fowl by touch. He pressed my hand warmly, but I do not know whether or not he was convinced. His brother led him away like a little child. I had a sense of the invisible bonds of sympathy, nerve and service that hold men together in times of trial.

Perhaps the most precious part of the work at Evergreen is inspirational. The greatest victory over blindness is won when a man comes to feel that he can be a useful member of society again. The problem of re-educating such a large number of men—men of different classes and races, men of various trades and professions, men of widely divergent tastes and capabilities—is complicated, and calls for energy, insight and imagination. A careful study has to be made of each man, his former life, his aptitudes, the community where he lives, his fitness for the occupation he desires to take up. Whenever possible, he is re-equipped for the work he was doing before he became blind.

On the whole, nature deals rather kindly with her hurt children. The human being is born with an incurable capacity for making the best of things. Blindness shuts us out from many activities and pleasures; but there are precious compensations. We are taken out of the turmoil of life, and given time to think and enjoy much that people with eyes neglect in the excitement and nervous strain of their lives. We know that real happiness is within ourselves. Life is made up of joy and sorrow, and in the long run we all get our share of each.

There is no sweeter joy than friendship, and the blind have leisure to enjoy their friends, to play the game of hearts. Blindness should, and I believe it usually does, bring a sense of the kindness and worth of our fellowmen. Gentleness, forbearance and devotion are generally bestowed upon the victims of irreversible misfortune.

I am not trying to persuade any one that the only way to happiness is through blindness. I simply emphasize its bright side. The dark side is only too obvious. To dwell upon it would be a violation of the splendid courage with which the blind face their enemy.

Truly to live is to enjoy all our faculties unimpaired. I am blind, and I do not want any more of my fellowmen blinded. I am deaf, and I protest against the diabolical forces that seal up their ears. I was dumb, without knowledge, without hope, and I lift up my voice against the barbarism that tears from men their divine gift of speech and thought. To all those who have the welfare of humanity at heart I say, let us conserve men. Let us do our utmost to keep the light in all eyes that have it. Let us try to open the ears of all peoples to the commandment of Sinai, "Thou shalt not kill." Not until we have filled the world with the evangel of peace shall we do our duty by the brave soldiers who gave the light out of their eyes that we might dwell in the light of our liberties.

It was dark when we left Evergreen. Many of the men were gathered round the great fireplace at the Red Cross house. I knew they were singing. I heard the music through my feet as we came down the broad stairs. Regretfully we said our farewells, promising to come back soon. As our automobile sped along the tree-darkened driveway, we turned round for a last look at Evergreen. Its windows were all lit up, and gleamed red in the darkness. "It is like a lighthouse," I thought; "the lighthouse of the future whose burners shall never go out or burn dim. Across the sea of darkness, where men are struggling desperately to gain the shore of the Land of Promise, it will ever send its red beams of hope and inspiration.

SHE WANTED TO BE A FARMER

(*Continued from Page* 43)

and skill. Also I discovered that I possessed an innate finesse that I had not dreamed was in me. I handed up the bundles of hay to 'Bil,' who spread them on the load. How marvellous is a pitchfork! Jab, lift, release; jab, lift, release—a clever game of give and it is taken, pass up——

"It was almost exciting, this display of a hitherto unsuspected ability in myself, and this use of a new body that I did not know I possessed. The farmer was amazed, too. And also he was pleased to speak of our good conscience, and to pretend surprise because we did not loaf when his back was turned!

"It was strange with all of this heavy exertion that we did not simply die of fatigue. Instead, more work bred more strength. It was unbelievable.

And always there was the peaceful view, birds calling in their graceful flights across the sky, then the creeping twilight with its long shadows, and finally the long night of sleep.

"Another new experience. Men will be men, it seems, even if there is prohibition. One of the men laborers went off to the village Saturday, got drunk on stored-away liquor, and failed to show up Monday morning. Who could expect us to be unhappy when the farmer suddenly discovered that we were dependable? On account of losing his man, the farmer was obliged to teach me to run a tractor.

"So that was a tractor! To any man, I suppose it was a commonplace, everyday piece of machinery. To me, it was a great novelty and curiosity. How extraordinary is a tractor! Some man expressed his thoughts in terms of steel and iron, and produced a thing that has the power to do something, in this case the work of a tireless giant. Wherein is it different from a literary production, in which a man fits together words that make you see a picture and maybe laugh or cry? A tractor is a species of story, or poem, only one that is infinitely useful. It can turn the earth into neat furrows; it can harrow and cultivate; it can cut and bundle; it can scoop long piles of hay into a cart almost without the aid of human hand. Who was the man, or who the men, that invented it? Now, if he were a poet of words, I could have named him. To my admiration, poets have always been the thing; I could have told you the author of the most trivial invention. But here I was sitting on the seat of a tractor, a harmonious device made by man to respond to my will like an almost human thing, and I did not know whose mind had invented it. I developed a new respect for machinery, and for the men who create it; I found that literature has many guises—as tractors, as well as sonnets. Machinery's the thing, and machinists! My husband shall be a machinist, and my son, an inventor!

"Great changes were being wrought in our little unit of farm laborers. The singer was rapidly losing weight, and we noticed that her voice was improving. 'Husky Helen' was as brown as a beechnut. And, could this be the little dressmaker of a month ago? Scotch-Irish roses were blooming in her fair cheeks, her lips were crimsoning, and her eyes were growing bright and clear. For myself, I had awakened from a half-dream. I had a new sense of well-being, a peace of mind. I was happy, like a child. But ah, Miss College Graduate, you indeed were changed! You had come to a new realization of all the knowledge there is that may not be found in books! You had associated with people outside your college and your home set, and you had found that they were just as important under the sun. Best of all was the growing modesty of your thought and decisions. You did not toss off great questions and tremendous social beliefs with such facility and assurance. Just a simple onion will never look the same to you again!

"We plowed and planted, we cultivated and harvested. We sprayed trees, drove horses, ran tractors. We shingled

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roofs, painted barns. We picked fruit, sorted it and packed. We cleared up brush, sawed wood, mowed lawns, tended chickens, milked cows. We cut the hay with the machine, teddered it, raked and loaded. We pitched sheaves of rye. We husked corn. We hunted for borers in the peach trees. We swung the scythe with the best of the men. And we even blew up stumps and dug ditches with the use of dynamite.

"The raw wind began to bite our fingers with cold. The season passed. Fall and Thanksgiving were in the air. It was time to return to the city; to say good-bye to brown trees, bleak fields, to flights of birds across a lowering sky, and the chill and loneliness of the fall twilight. We donned our city clothes again."

Thus ran the record.

When the little stenographer returned to her familiar city clock, every one on the street stared. Strangers as well as friends looked and gaped. They were amazed at the richness of her color, at her strong, high chest, at the brightness of her eyes. Envy possessed the hearts of those who had been the strongest in their disapproval. And they are the very ones now who have gone, themselves, to be farmers with the little stenographer this year!

THE HOMING INSTINCT OF WOMEN

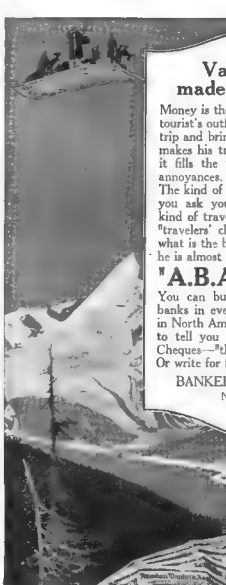
(*Continued from Page 54*)

was on Saturday we made the visit—"they will all go to mass, and Monday the children will go to school."

"But how," I asked, "can you have a church and school in these ruins?" She took me to the battered church, in one corner of which the men had succeeded in making a shelter. Here were benches and an improvised altar. "We are not many here," she said, "four or five hundred, children included, but the church is packed every service. We have nothing but a poor room and benches for the school, but a school, nevertheless. And you see these things re-establish the morale." To re-establish the morale, that is what they all seek for—fathers, mothers, leaders. And the strip of lace curtain, the weekly bath, the morning service, the daily school—that is doing it.

Do not imagine they are deadened to the misery of it. They are candid about that. "It *is* misery and has been from the start—black misery, but we *must* endure it." And they do with a quietness which is sadder than tears. Indeed, in three weeks in these regions I saw tears in the eyes of a woman but once—and they were tears of *joy*. "Oh, Madame," she said, as she showed me her brave efforts to make a home out of her ruined place, "it is so good to be here—it is so good to know that *they* are gone. How can anyone be anything but happy?"

Can the distracted world of to-day point to any human exhibit more solidly reassuring than this intrepidity in face of utter disaster, this unswerving determination to rescue life from its ruins? I can see but one duty for those who have so far escaped the avalanche, and that is to "see them through."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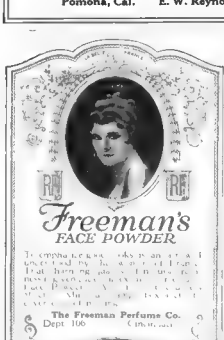

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THE MARCH OF THE RED CROSS

(*Continued from Page 60*)

a piece of emergency work, the thing so far has been exceptionally well done. Time alone can tell whether it will be sufficient to keep Rumania on her feet until the peace crisis is past.

The news about Serbia is even less reassuring. It is everywhere beginning to be borne in upon us that the rebuilding of the world after its disaster is not to be done in a summer, but in no place is the truth more evident than in this little country whose grief has become almost proverbial in these last four years. The rebuilding of Serbia is going to be uphill, expensive and hard, requiring vision, persistence and unselfishness.

Now that the first rush of relief to the starving and sick is over, the magnitude of the task begins to appear. There is nothing the Serbia of today does not lack except spirit. There are no banks doing business, no schools for children, no doctors or hospitals beyond the Red Cross efforts, no factories in operation. Except for meagre food supplies locally produced, the stores have nothing to sell, no fuel is to be had, there are no horses, mules, trucks, gasoline and few oxen. And the entire man-power of the country is in the army, and the army still, due to the unsettled condition of affairs, in what was Austria-Hungary.

It is true that the Red Cross effort put forth so far has done something to alleviate surface conditions. Red Cross men have clothed thousands who had no shoes or stockings and were covered with filthy rags—one single case of old garments valued in Buffalo, New York, at seventy-two dollars being worth fifteen hundred dollars at local prices. The Army Mission and the Red Cross are daily sending truckloads of food, clothing and medical supplies into northern Serbia from Belgrade. Red Cross stations in towns too numerous even to be mentioned are busy with the work of using these supplies to the best advantage, army doctors, army nurses and former doughboys and motor transport men furnishing most of the personnel.

All the surface work of relief is in operation temporarily, little units consisting usually of a physician, a relief worker and two nurses, visiting hundreds of towns even up in the mountains. But this is all a matter of the moment, providing no definite programme of constructive relief for the future, making no provision against epidemics which might threaten the rest of the world, building up in Serbia no organized public health system. Only money, trained people, schools and educational campaigns can accomplish any lasting work in this direction, so that when the Americans withdraw Serbia does not die, a victim of the great war.

In Poland the work of assisting the Polish health authorities and the government, with advice, supplies and actual personnel continues, with there also very evident the need for a plain, long-continued constructive programme, large or small. In Germany the repatriating of the Russian prisoners proceeds,

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supplies are still needed, but the problem is fast vanishing so far as the future is concerned. Germany presents no Red Cross problem. In all this part of the world, indeed, only the Polish problem is one likely to continue, as the Red Cross units to Czecho-Slovakia and Lithuania report good progress, especially in the Bohemian republic. Temporary Red Cross activities like the Kuban expedition to the Russians, which has just sent some fifteen thousand dollars worth of needed supplies to them are matters of only present interest also. Montenegro is included in the Serbian problem.

Poland, Rumania, Serbia and Siberia, these are the countries where the logic of events is forcing the hand of the Red Cross' future plans, while the extent and scope awaits the new mandate of the American people.

Across the Pacific preparations proceed apace for the fight against typhus to be waged heavily all next winter, and already contingents of doctors and nurses are sailing on every ship to Vladivostok, while the last appropriation for Siberian relief totals four hundred thousand dollars, and the shipments going forward to the hospitals in Buchedoo, Omsk, Harbin and all along the Siberian railway where the Red Cross is in operation show contents lists of blankets, clothing, rubber goods, bathrobes, drugs, hospital supplies and all the familiar, variegated list which Red Cross activities require.

Canteens and housing work for the refugees still continue all along the line to the Urals, although the approach of harvest renders the food outlook in the new Russian republic more promising. As the Kolchak forces regain more and more of Russia, however, the Red Cross faces still another problem which only the mandate of the American people can settle. This is the problem of the future, indeed, where the foreign activities of the Red Cross are concerned.

At home, there is all the confusing and disheartening work of reorganization, the bringing of the Red Cross spirit to bear on home problems, problems of health, of home service and social democracy, of community work and education. The Home Service conference disclosed the widespread feeling of the people of this country that the spirit which is the Red Cross should not be allowed to die merely because the enemy has been beaten in one form and the object of existence is no longer as simple as during the war. The spirit with which the motor corps, the camp service and canteens continue to operate show the continued willingness of the people to serve. Abroad the unwearied service of those fighting the discouraging uphill fight in the Balkans, in Rumania, in Poland and in far-away Siberia show that the war has not stopped the Red Cross. It has merely changed its direction.

In it all, however, lies the deeper obligation of America to a ruined world, and the peculiarly sacred obligation of those of the different Red Cross societies of the world to keep alive the body best fitted to promote the welfare works of peace, the one body trusted by all at home, and by everyone internationally.

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"GLAD I MET YE"

By Ida M. Tarbell

"GEE WHIZ! ain't it *great?*"

I turned in joy at the appreciation in the voice, knowing that it came from somebody who was rejoicing as much as I over the beauty of the thing we were both looking at—the exquisite iron balconies which decorated a group of old Bordeaux houses. I had never before been in the city. The iron work came to me as one of those gratuitous gifts of beauty which strews the path of the traveler, but one look at the boy beside me made me forget all that interest in him.

He was a big six-footer with his rugged face softened by the hospital experience he had just been through; one leg was gone; he was convalescing in Bordeaux; he was soon to be shipped back to America. This, he told me, was the first day he had been out by himself "getting used to this thing" he said, looking down half humorously, half ruefully at the crutch he carried.

"I never seen anything like that before," he said, nodding at the balconies, "I didn't know they made such things. They didn't make that with a machine, did they?"

"No, I don't think so," I replied.

"You see, I have always worked in a foundry, went in as soon as the law allowed—a little before—I guess. I know something about iron, but never seen anything like that. Gee, it must be fun to do that! Do you expect a feller could learn? Do you expect that if a feller learned and did it well anybody would buy it?

"If you could learn to do anything as beautiful as that," I said, "I am sure there would be no trouble about getting someone to buy it."

"How would you go about to do it?"

"Well," I said, "if you are to be long in Bordeaux, I would get one of my officers to help me find some illustrated book on the iron work here. You couldn't make a better beginning."

"Why, do you expect they have them with pictures of all those things?"

"I am sure of it," I said, "and I am sure that they will tell you in those books who made these very balconies and when, and that you will find descriptions of the way they worked."

"That will be great," he said, "but, I am going home—how could I study there?"

"I don't quite know," I said, "but this I do know, that at home there are a great many good people who are anxious to help you boys who have done so much for us and of whom we are all so proud, to learn whatever you want to learn. The Government is promising to see you through if you are willing to study. Talk to your officers about it and when you get home, don't be discouraged if you do not find right away what you want. There are schools there where designing is taught—you should get into one of them to begin with."

"Yes, I know," he said, "when I was a kid I went to a school where they learned us to draw and make things out of our head. That is the way he did, didn't he—out of his head"? nodding at the iron. "My teacher said she thought I could do something if I kept on, but you know when a feller works at a foundry it ain't so easy—and everybody laughed and said 'what's the use?' But now—now there ain't no more foundry for me and I have got to find something else and I am going to try for that kind of thing. I tell you if I could learn to do something like that I would be the happiest feller in the world. It would be worth losing my leg to learn to make one of them things."

"THAT'S it!" I said, warming to this enthusiasm, "that is the way the best things are done. It must be that the men who made those beautiful things there loved to do it, just as you would love to do it. Stick to it, will you?"

"You bet I will! I am going back now to tackle the captain about them books. So long. Glad I met ye".

THE RELIGION OUR SOLDIERS BROUGHT BACK TO US

(*Continued from Page* 50)

dealings. They wanted no oratorical 'guff,' as they called it, even on the matter of patriotism."

I asked Father Duffy about religious manifestations, the "outward sign of inward grace," when the American soldier went into battle.

"Virtually every soldier wants to pray when going into danger," he said. "All instructed Protestants, all Catholics, know some prayers to say, and as they came up to shell fire their religion took form in utterance. As for the uninstructed they had, of course, the impulse to pray but no outlet for the feeling, and with these the impulse soon passed off.

"My own method with soldiers going into action was to take them by companies—a few minutes before breaking camp or along a road just before they were ordered to break up for shell fire—and hold a silent prayer meeting. I'd suggest, as briefly and simply as I could, some thoughts about God, ask them to straighten out their affairs with Him, to pray for stout hearts, for whatever they needed most. And then, on the 'ge of the shell fire, we'd all take off r helmets and pray silently, the Cathic boys murmuring a prayer we call he 'Act of Contrition,' his non-Catholic buddy bowing his bare head to say the prayer he knew best. And after the silent prayer—the last prayer for a lot of them, poor fellows—I would pronounce a general absolution (to all who wanted it); and they'd put on their helmets then and slash into the ructions."

As the nights closed down on the bloody fields, or when the bent but unbroken crusaders had won their objectives and lay sprawling in the sunlight for a bit of rest against the coming of another epic hour, then it was that the chaplain and his flock learned from one another who it was whose place was vacant in the line, and something of the manner of his leaving. Cold though the rain fell, the heart of the chaplain warmed as he learned from a passing sergeant the manner of the departure of Michael or Izzy or Alex, gone to their deaths while their chaplain, perhaps, knelt in prayer in a shell hole beside Tony or Luther. And Danny? Where did Danny go out, sergeant? Well, Father, do you remember the brook at the toe of the hill?—'twas there Danny got it, a machine-gun bullet in the chest. "Danny," I says to him, "you've got it bad, boy." (The gray was on his face, Father.) "You've not long now, poor lad," says I, "so say your Act of Contrition." "Sergeant," says Dan, blood and the words spouting from the poor boy's mouth together, "thank you kindly," says he, "but go on with you and lace into them. Waste no sorrow on the likes of me, Sergeant," says he, "for I went to confession to Father Duffy this morning." . . . And sergeant, that tall lad named Elmer? Him, too, Father—may the Lord have mercy on his soul! 'Twas in that big wheat field this noon, Father, that I came upon Elmer, and him going West at a gallop. "Is there maybe a prayer you know, Elmer?" I says to him, me crouching low in the wheat beside him. Scared he looked up into my face, for 'twas him knew what I was thinking. "Only one prayer I know, Sergeant," he whispers, sort of like he was in some kind of trouble. "It's the prayer," says he, "about 'Now I lay me down to—'" "And what kind of a prayer," says I, interrupting. (I had to, Father, for he was going fast, and him a Protestant, or nothing at all, or something like that.) "What kind of a prayer is that, Elmer," says I, "for a fine healthy man that's dying? Say after me the words of the Act of Contrition." Faith, and he followed my words like a child till almost the end. "'I firmly purpose by

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Thy holy grace never more to offend Thee,'" was the last he could say, Father. And I covered his face with his helmet. 'Twas a good death, Father, even though the lad was not one of us. . . .

"Each in his way, Catholic, Protestant, Jew," the chaplain went on, after telling his brief tales of death as the sergeant-raconteur had told them, "thought his own prayer, his religion, the best. We asked his best only and of course; and the heartiness and unanimity of the response was magnificent. Out of it all came a general broadening. The ignorant Catholic lad learned, sometimes for the first time, that spiritual good flourished also in non-Catholic hearts and back from France have come other lads who a few months ago damned the 'black Protestant' but today would blacken the eyes of even a pal in defense of their fond friend, their brother—*a Protestant parson!*"

And the church-going folk who stayed home, Father—have they progressed likewise?"

"They certainly have not," cried the chaplain with sharp emphasis. "Since I came back from France I frequently have been surprised by the evidences of narrow resentments that are still strong among civilians who so often, I'm told, 'got together' in war work here while the soldiers were abroad. The bigotry that remains here, however, shows more in the managers of churches than in the church adherents. Some civilians I have met have 'come on' because of the war, but not in the striking way shown in the man who fought abroad. Nevertheless and despite the broadening experiences on the other side, I doubt that the churches here, as they stand today, will show any marked differences because the army is home again. I do believe that the forms of worship will be modified if the men go to church in greater numbers; the sermons, I think, will be the kind men will listen to. But I do not look for a notable increase in church-going among the ex-soldiers; the biggest factor in church-going is training in church-going, religious training, while young. No experience can take the place of that in any religion.

"From the denominational viewpoint the war undoubtedly caused a marked broadening in the soldier, who has now become a civilian again. Bigotry in America first was leveled against Catholics, latterly against Jews. Not that I think bigotry is always on 'the other side'—far from it; if this had originally been a Catholic country the first Protestants to come here would have had to suffer. The 'new boy' in a small town never gets on well at first, I mean. He has to have a few hard fights before he gets anywhere. Then at school the 'new boy' forms valuable companionships among enemies of the day before, just as in colleges, in factories, in labor unions, friendships are created that break down sectional sect prejudices. War is the biggest shake-up of all. In our army abroad neither Protestantism, Judaism nor Catholicism figured in social intercourse. And when it came to making a list of the men of my own regiment who should be cited for valor ('coolness' was the word, never 'brav-

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ery'), our sergeants, all Irish, who made the recommendations never even vaguely took into consideration whether or not a man was a Jew or a Christian—even an Englishman! So-and-so was a 'good man,' that's all. If he was a 'damn good man' he was perfect. War, you see, kills all lesser hatreds, by supplying a big common impulse—or a big common hatred, if you like."

Would the good that had been done, individually and collectively, be lasting? The chaplain smiled a bit when I asked the question. Men were prone, he said, to ask that question oftener than any other inquiry into the phase of life. And he answered that the flower of young American manhood had been made better men in the great adventure, "and permanently." They had stepped at least one place forward.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL—

By Robert C. Mehaffey

SHIGEHUSA KANDA, Japanese, president of the Board of Education of Maui County, Hawaii, scrubbed floors, swept, opened cans of foodstuffs, carried huge boxes, and washed dishes in the American Red Cross canteen at the Gare du Nord in Paris.

He gloried in the work, for Shigehusa Kanda is a Patriot, spelled with a capital "P." In love of the land in which he lives and its flag, there is none who can excel him. His is a story of patriotism as great as that of the French soldier who, when told by a surgeon, "My boy, we have had to take your arm off," responded, "You did not take it; I gave it to my country."

Here is Kanda's story, as told by Captain George R. Carter, Red Cross worker in France, and formerly Governor of Hawaii and president of the Hawaiian district of the American Red Cross.

"Early in April, 1918," says Captain Carter, "I received a letter from a Congregational minister asking me if a Japanese could enlist in the American Red Cross. The Japanese, the minister said, was a missionary, the founder of a home school for Japanese girls, and a great worker among the Japanese residents of the Islands and the Japanese born in Hawaii.

"I answered that, to the best of my knowledge, no Japanese or citizen of any foreign country could be accepted as a worker in the American Red Cross.

"Two weeks later I received a personal visit from the Japanese in question, Shigehusa Kanda.

"'I have come,' he told me, 'to ask you in person if I cannot enlist in the Red Cross.'

"I told him the same thing I had written in answer to the minister's letter.

"'But you do not understand, or you would not say that,' he said. 'I have lived for fourteen years under the American flag, and I have enjoyed wonderful opportunities and advantages not possible under any other flag on earth. I do not think it is right for any one to have such advantages without, when need rises, making some payment in return. So now I want to offer my life to the United States.'

"He said it simply, and I didn't need to hear what followed to know that he meant it.

"'I have sold my property,' Kanda continued. 'I have endowed my family, have made my will and, as is the custom with Japanese men when about to go into danger, I have had my funeral. Again I ask the privilege of offering my life to the country I love.

"'I am not an American citizen, but my four children were born in Hawaii, and so they are citizens. I want also to show to them the love I bear this country so that they may have an example to follow. And I hope that my action may be an example to other Japanese living in Hawaii.'

"I was deeply impressed by the man's sincerity, and told him so. But I had to tell him that I could do nothing for him.

"'Then,' he said, 'I shall go to Washington to see if I cannot enlist there.'

"I TOLD him that the expense of the trip would be heavy, and that he would have only the expense for his pains—that his answer there would be the same I had given him.

"'Then I shall go to France and try there,' he answered very quietly.

Kanda himself told the rest of the story in his careful, well-enunciated English, after apologizing for his inability to speak the language perfectly. A high degree of intelligence is clearly stamped on his forehead and in his brilliant eyes. He dresses with the most exact neatness, and is the perfect type of the educated Japanese gentleman.

"When I made my application to join the Red Cross at Washington Headquarters," he said, speaking slowly and carefully, "I was told to go to New York; that I would be advised there what I could do and, if accepted, would sail from there.

"A few days after I reached New York I received a letter saying my application, because it was the first from a Japanese, had been turned over to the State Department for a ruling, and that I would receive another letter soon. I do not know if my application was refused, but I waited for a month and did not get the letter.

"I did not want to spend all of my money waiting, so I went to the British consul and asked for a passport to England. He refused my petition six times. The seventh time he took me to the British military consul, and I told him my object. Then they gave me a passport.

"I landed in Glasgow. From there I went to London, and asked the French consul there for permission to go to Paris, to try to enlist in the American Red Cross. He refused. Seven more times I went to see him to beg him to let me go to France. Each time he said, 'no.' Then I found there was an American Red Cross headquarters in London. I went to Major Foster H. Rockwell there and asked him to help me. He gave me a letter, over his signature, to the French consul, explaining my purpose in trying to get to France. Again the consul refused me, saying I had to be a member of the Red Cross before I could enter France.

"I felt, then, that I might never do what I wished. But I had come so far, and had tried so hard, that I was determined not to give up. I returned to Major Rockwell and told him what the consul had said. He wrote a letter to Mr. Gibson in Paris, and four days later I got a letter saying that I had been accepted as a Red Cross worker.

"I paid my way to Southampton and to Havre, and there the Red Cross gave me a ticket to Paris. I was given work at the Canteen in the Gare du Nord. That was the happiest moment in my life up to then, for it meant that all my trip had not gone for nothing."

"And how long did it take you to get to Paris as a member of the Red Cross," he was asked.

"Only three months," was the answer. "I left Hawaii on May 13, and landed in France about the same day in August."

"I was very, very happy, for I was doing what I could."

Then Kanda told that he was soon to have a moment that would make him happier even than he has ever been before.

"I have been promised an American uniform, and will not have to work longer in civilian clothes," he said with a happy little chuckle. "When I get it I shall be proud as nobody ever was proud before."

"When your work is finished here, what do you intend to do?" I asked him.

"I will go back to Hawaii and devote the rest of my life to the real Americanization of Japanese residents there and of Japanese born in Hawaii," he answered.

"I came to Hawaii from Japan as a missionary twenty-five years ago, and have done some work like that, founding a home school for Japanese girls and working with the Japanese. There are 100,000 Japanese among the 250,000 population of Hawaii, and their numbers are increasing each year by about four thousand. They need Americanization, and my life shall be given entirely to that work."

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